THE MARION WEEKLY STAR.

VOL. VII. NO. 34. MARION, OHIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1892. PRICE, 5 CENTS.

IT IS ALL OVER NOW.

There Will Be No War With Chili.

HER REPLY IS SATISFACTORY.

Secretary Blaine Furnishes This Information Through Representative Blount, Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs—Chili's Reply to Be Sent to Congress.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Representative Blount, chairman of the house committee on foreign affairs, had an interview yesterday with Secretary Blaine at which the full text of the reply of Chili to the ultimatum of the United States of the 21st inst. was read. Upon Mr. Blount's return to the Capitol, he spoke of the interview in a manner that indicated that he was of the opinion that the controversy with Chili would be settled without recourse to hostilities. This expression, in its repetition from mouth to mouth, grew into a definite statement that Secretary Blaine had received a second message from Chili through Senor Montt, apologizing in a manner that was perfectly satisfactory to the United States; that there would be no trouble.

No second dispatch has been received from Chili; the reply which was received Tuesday is the only communication from Santiago on the subject. The report that the second message came through the Chilian legation here, probably arose from the fact that Senor Montt had been advised by his government that a reply to the demands of the United States had been sent to Washington and giving its terms.

Mr. Blaine told Mr. Blount that the cablegram from Minister Egan was entirely satisfactory to the United States, and he had no objection to Mr. Blount making public this fact and his knowledge of what the dispatch contained.

"The bottom is out of it," said Mr. Blount. He said that he made this statement on the information furnished him by Mr. Blaine. The latter, said Mr. Blount, seemed very much elated. Mr. Blount said Mr. Blaine showed him the dispatch from Mr. Egan. It was in manuscript and covered about six or seven foolscap pages. "It seemed," said Mr. Blount, "a satisfactory response to the president's ultimatum and in a nutshell it meant 'we unqualifiedly meet your demands.'"

Speaking of its contents, Mr. Blount said: "It stated that there was the greatest feeling of regret on the part of the Chilian government and people over the Baltimore tragedy. It contained an explanation of the charges that the Chilians generally were hostile to the United States, stating that there was no such feeling toward the American government or its subjects in Chili."

In connection with this point, said Mr. Blount, the dispatch from Mr. Egan reads something like this: "Chili hate Americans? No. Too well does Chili remember how the presence of American uniforms in her harbors aided her in achieving her struggle for independence."

There was an utter disavowal, said Mr. Blount, of any hostility toward the American nation or any of its citizens. According to Mr Blount, the substance of the dispatch is as follows: A satisfactory explanation and retraction concerning the offensive note issued by Senor Matta, the late Chilian minister of foreign affairs, is made.

Mr. Blaine told Mr. Blount that Chili's offer in this connection was acceptable to the government. Chili further agrees, said Mr. Blount, to meet the demands of the United States contained in the president's ultimatum unqualifiedly, and expresses the greatest feeling of regret over the whole affair.

As to the Baltimore affair, said Mr. Blount, expressions of regret concerning it wholly satisfactory to Mr. Blaine are made; and in conclusion the Chilian government states that in complete compliance with our demands it begs the submission of the whole controversy to that august tribunal, the United States supreme court.

"The answer to the ultimatum also declares a sincere feeling of friendship for the United States and a profound feeling of friendship for our flag and the uniform of our sailors."

Mr. Blount says the reply settles the whole matter. "The bottom has dropped out of the controversy," he said, "and this is a peaceable solution of the whole difficulty."

Representative Blount said he felt that a great load had been lifted off the shoulders of the committee on foreign affairs of the house, of which he is chairman, by the sudden and favorable turn in the situation. There had been, he said, conflicting reports in circulation about the character of the Chilian response and it was very gratifying to him to find it so complete an apology and apparently so satisfactory to Secretary Blaine. It appeared to Mr. Blount to be so ample and so satisfactory that it must be acceptable to the administration, to congress and to the country.

Mr. Blount made this observation last night after he had called on President Harrison late in the afternoon to talk about the Chilian situation; and, while he was, of course, reticent about what the president had said to him, or whether the president took an optimistic or pessimistic view of the situation, he significantly observed that he expected the president would, in a day or two, send the Chilian response to congress, and that the Chilian trouble would very soon be on the road to an honorable and peaceful settlement.

Late last night it was learned that President Harrison would send the "additional" correspondence—the Chilian response to the ultimatum of the 21st inst.—to congress this afternoon.

CLAIMS FOR INDEMNITY.

Riggin's Brother Consulting an Attorney on the Subject.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 28.—John I. Riggin, of this city, brother of Charles W. Riggin, the boatswain's mate of the cruiser Baltimore, whose brutal murder by the Cullians in the streets of Valparaiso, was called to the attention of congress in President Harrison's message, consulted Attorney W. W. Kerr yesterday with regard to the indemnity that will be exacted from Chili for the taking of his relative's life. The result of the interview will be the early filing with the secretary of state of claims for damages on behalf of the brother and the two sisters of the deceased—Mrs. Mary Zimmerman and Mrs. Ella Matthews, both of this country.

When Captain Kerr, who was assistant attorney general of the United States under the late Benjamin Brewster, during President Arthur's administration, and who is familiar with all the details involved in the legal procedure of such matters, was asked as to the course he would pursue, he said: "I suppose that in this instance the matter will be arranged as in all such cases. Chili will be compelled to pay a certain sum of money for the indemnification of the sufferers. These are special cases of damage, and there is no law governing them. The actual injury sustained is not the guide, but damages are awarded with a view of punishment upon the aggressor, to serve as a warning to others. In this way the parties in interest receive not only their ordinary loss, but get what the law calls vindictive or explenary damages."

Counsellor Kerr has not made up his mind yet as to the exact amount to press for. After further consultation with his clients he will at once notify the state and naval departments of the claims that will be presented.

Have No Use for the Men Now.

BOSTON, Jan. 28.—Captain Sargent, of the Ohio, has been placed on waiting orders, and sixty men and the officers of that vessel, which had been fitting out at Charlestown navy yard in view of a possible war with Chili, have been discharged. The vessel will soon be placed in commission as a machine ship.

Taking Advantage of the Situation.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—There was a rumor on the Stock exchange yesterday that Minister Egan had been shot, and the market sold off on that account. It proved only a speculation scheme.

CHURCH BURNED.

Firemen's Hard Fight with Flames and Intense Cold.

ALBANY, Jan. 28.—Fire was discovered at 4:15 o'clock yesterday morning in the French Church of the Assumption, on Hamilton street, and in ten minutes the entire structure, which was a frame one, was wrapped in flames. The priest in charge, Father Lavigne, rushed in to save the sacrament, but he had to turn and flee for his life.

In half an hour nothing but bare, blackened posts remained. The flames spread to the pastor's house, and to the four-story brick and two-story frame house on the east. The entire fire department was called out, and for at least five hours there was a hard fight for supremacy, the firemen gradually getting the better of the fire.

The pastor's house was thoroughly wrecked, and the frame dwellings, occupied by nine colored families, were entirely destroyed. The entire loss is about $30,000. The church was valued at $10,000, and was insured for $6,000. The thermometer registered 4 degrees below zero, and a high wind was blowing. The firemen suffered intensely with the cold, some of them being literally encased with ice an inch thick and which had to be broken by their comrades so that they could walk.

Millions of Church Property Involved.

CHICAGO, Jan. 28.—In the great Evangelical church fight Judge Shepard, in the circuit court, yesterday, rendered a decision in favor of the Escher and Bowman faction, as against the Dubs faction, holding that the Indianapolis conference, presided over by the former, was a lawful one and that they committed no acts that tended toward taking away their rights. The division involves church property valued at $1,000,000.

Two Chinese Steamers Lost.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Jan. 28.—Advices from Yokohama state that two fine steamers have been lost near Swatou. The Tyunannan ran ashore, and signals of distress brought the Tongshan to her assistance, when the latter went aground and both were lost. The German steamer Marie has been wrecked near Chafon, and several of the crew were drowned.

Found Dead in His Room.

BOSTON, Jan. 28.—Colonel Lyman P. French, aged fifty-two, a well known lawyer of Boston, a member of the Loyal Legion and during the war a judge advocate, was found dead in his room at the Hotel Brunswick yesterday afternoon. He had been very despondent of late, owing to illness and the recent death of his wife. The indications point to suicide.

Judge Woods' Answer.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—The answer of Judge Woods, of Indiana, to the charges filed against him before the senate judiciary committee by Senator Voorhees, who is opposing his confirmation as additional judge of the Fifth Indiana judicial district, has been laid before the committee. The examination of witnesses, etc., will begin Friday.

A Jockey Called.

REDBANK, N. J., Jan. 28.—The jockey Harry Waldron, whose leg was amputated by reason of an injury which he received on the track over a month ago, and who was since stricken with paralysis, died yesterday, aged forty.

THE DEADLY GRIP.

It is More Destructive Than the Cholera.

IT IS INCREASING IN ENGLAND.

The Death Rate in London Higher Than Ever Known Before—Effects of Influenza and Its Rapid Growth in All Europe—Address of an Eminent Physician in London—Other Foreign News.

LONDON, Jan. 28.—The deaths in London last week were at the rate of forty-six per 1,000 per year of the inhabitants, an increase of six over the rate of the preceding week. The births during the week were 2,623 and the deaths 3,761. The births were 258 below those of the week before. The deaths during the past week were 1,762 above the average of the past decade.

At Brighton the death rate was 60.9 per 1,000, the highest of any town in Great Britian.

Medical Adviser Smee, addressing a meeting of the directors of a large life insurance company, stated that the epidemic of influenza had cost the company two and a half times as much as did the cholera epidemic of 1842.

Dr. Smee said he considered that persons up to forty yerrs of age were in no danger of death from attacks of influenza. Between forty and sixty-five years the chances of death increased from 15 to 20 per cent. After sixty-five years, unless the disease was destroyed immediately, the victims would be left without trace of constitution.

Every country of Europe had suffered, he added, from local outbreaks of cerebro spinal meningitis, followed by influenza, which destroyed 90 per cent. of those attacked. Dr. Smee declared that he saw no reason why the disease at any time should not throw off its comparatively benign character and appear in its true malignity which would create terror throughout the world.

Desperate Peasants.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 28.—The peasants in the districts of Voronesh became so angered against the medical men of that vicinity by the ravages of disease which the doctors were unsuccessful in combatting, that they attacked the doctors and forced them to flee. The doctors appealed to the military for protection, and a body of troops were sent to restore order. The peasants notified the commandent that if the troops touched them they would burn the officer's house and kill his family. Matters were in statu quo at last reports.

Confessed to Three Murders.

VIENNA, Jan. 28.—In the trial of Schneider and his wife for murdering servant girls, whom they had decoyed for the purpose of murder and robbery, a doctor yesterday testified that the husband might have committed all the murders alone, the object of this statement being to exonerate Mrs. Schneider, who is accused jointly with her husband. The skull, hair and clothing of the murdered victim, Kennrath, has been fully identified and the male assassin, Schneider, has now confessed to three murders.

Troops Forced to Retreat by a Mob.

MADRID, Jan. 28.—The Bilboa strike is assuming serious dimensions. The strikers have cut the telegraph wires, and when the soldiers advanced upon them the rioters met the military with shots from revolvers and volleys of stones. The troops, being few in number, compared with the infuriated mob, did not care to provoke the latter by firing upon them, and concluded to retreat and await reinforcements. They were pursued for some distance by the strikers who are in complete control of the situation.

The Czarina Has a Relapse.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 28.—The death of the Grand Duke Constantine, uncle of the czar, was a heavy shock to the czarina, who is just recovering from an attack of influenza. She was so affected by the announcement of the grand duke's death that she was again obliged to keep to her apartments.

Salute or Die.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 29.—At Wilna, Russia, some firemen failed to salute an officer when they met him. The officer, enraged by their want of respect, drew a pistol and shot two non-commissioned officers, and was aiming at a third, when the latter averted the bullet by giving the required salute.

Gravity of the Famine.

MOSCOW, Jan. 28.—The people here are much more impressed with the gravity of the famine than are the people of St. Petersburg. All classes in Moscow are making great sacrifices to assist the famishing.

No Fears of Further Trouble.

PARIS, Jan. 28.—A dispatch from Tangiers says that the French war ships have left that place. From this it is concluded that the Morocco affair is not likely to cause any further trouble in the near future.

Ended in Smoke.

LONDON, Jan. 28.—A dispatch from Teheran says that the mollah's prohibition of the use of tobacco by the natives has been withdrawn and the people are again allowed to smoke.

Spurgeon Still Critical.

LONDON, Jan. 28.—Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, who is suffering with an attack of gout in the head and hand, passed a quiet night. He, however, is still in a critical condition.

Cold Weather Good for Miners.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Jan. 28.—The present cold weather has infused new activity into the coal trade. Many collieries that had suspended on the 1st of January have resumed operations, giving employment to thousands of men.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

What Was Done in the Senate and House of Representatives.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—In the senate yesterday Mr. Gibson, from the committee on naval affairs, reported a bill for a dry dock at Algiers, La., at a cost of $350,000.

Mr. Hale, from the same committee, reported favorably a resolution asking the president for information as to steps taken for soundings between San Francisco and Honolulu and other points in the Pacific, according to the provisions of the last naval bill. Accepted.

Mr. Morgan asked immediate consideration of a resolution calling for the state department correspondence with China regarding Mr. Blair. It was important to learn what the United States intended to do when notified that a gentleman of such high reputation had been rejected by the government to which he was accredited. This became additionally important from its bearing on another case where the United States and another government had become much embroiled. After some discussion the resolution was adopted.

Mr. Hoar, from the committee on elections, called up the resolution declaring Horace Chilton entitled to the seat in the senate made vacant by the resignation of James Reagan. He explained that the committee had concluded that the governor's appointment of Mr. Chilton was legal. After some debate the resolution was adopted and Mr. Chilton was confirmed in his seat.

Mr. Cullom introduced a bill to which he desired to call the special attention of the committee on judiciary to amend Section 860 of the revised statutes, which had been on the statute books since 1868, in regard to the obligations of witnesses to testify.

The consideration of public buildings on the calendar was resumed. The first bill taken up was an appropriation of $100,000 for a public building at Reno, N. M., reduced to $75,000. Some discussion followed until the hour of 2 o'clock arrived and Mr. Morgan resumed his remarks on the La Abra claim. Mr. Morgan still held the floor when the senate, at 4:15, went into executive session.

At 4:45 the senate adjourned.

In the House.

There was a small attendance of members when the house met. A bill providing for a railroad and wagon bridge across the Mississippi at South St. Paul was passed. Mr. Hatch, of Missouri, introduced a bill providing that oleomargarine transported into any state or territory shall be subject to the laws of such state or territory the same as if manufactured therein. He moved its reference to the committee on agriculture. The speaker ruled that it should go to the judiciary committee. By a vote of 129 to 108 it was referred to the committee on agriculture.

Mr. Martin, of Indiana, offered a resolution, which was referred to the committee on foreign affairs, calling upon the president for all correspondence between this government and Chili upon matters concerning the government of Chili by the so-called Balmaceda regime, and since its overthrow, and upon all subjects connected with the recent civil war.

The consideration of the rules was then resumed, and at 3:55 the house adjourned.

NATIONAL BOARD OF TRADE.

One Hundred and Fifty Delegates Present at the Washington Meeting.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—One hundred and fifty delegates were present at the meeting of the national board of trade yesterday. Twenty-five new associations were admitted to membership.

After the report of the executive committee had been read Frederick Fraley was unanimously re-elected president.

A committee was appointed to consider the Torrey bankruptcy bill with instructions to report today.

A resolution in regard to placing by the government, in cities of 100,000 or more inhabitants, machines for testing building materials was discussed and laid on the table.

The next resolution recited that owing to the immense amount of business crowded on the interstate commerce committee, requiring years, in some instances, to reach decisions, it has become necessary to relieve the commissioners of part of their labors.

The resolution recommended an amendment to the interstate laws so as to create five districts throughout the United States, each of which shall be under the direct charge of a board of three commissioners, to be appointed in the same manner as the interstate commissioners. The resolution was presented by the Milwaukee chamber of commerce, and was supported by its delegates, Mr. Smith, of Toledo, opposing it. A discussion followed which developed the fact that many delegates considered the interstate commerce commission absolutely useless and favored its abolition.

The resolution was finally referred and the board adjourned.

Fought Fourteen Rounds.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 28.—Three thousand spectators assembled at the Olympic club last night to witness the match between Cal McCarthy and Tommy Callaghan, for a purse of $2,000, of which $500 goes to the loser. The odds before the fight were slightly in favor of McCarthy, though Callaghan had many friends. The fight was short and decisive, McCarthy knocking his opponent out in the fourteenth round. George Dixon has agreed to meet McCarthy.

Three Big Firms to Consolidate.

WHEELING, Jan. 28.—The three big combination, nail, iron and steel mills, the Belmont, Wheeling Iron company and Benwood, have decided to unite in one big concern, and all have taken action toward that end. The capital will reach about $3,000,000, and it will be one of the bigest concerns of its kind in the country.

OHIO LEGISLATURE.

Proceedings of Both Branches of the General Assembly.

NO ENCAMPMENT GROUNDS.

The House Wipes Out the Law Enacted Last Winter Providing for a Permanent Place for the Ohio National Guards—But Little Business Transacted—Other Ohio State News.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 28.—The legislature did but little business yesterday. The house consumed all its time in discussing and voting on amendments to the bill providing for a permanent encampment ground for the national guard near Newark. After fighting the thing for two hours a substitute was adopted which wiped out the whole proposition by repealing the law of last winter looking to a permanent camping place.

The house spent the entire afternoon in discussing McCoy bill relating to sheep claims. It was finally passed. The bill as passed, permits the filing of claims and presentation of evidence before trustees of townships who must refer the matter to the county commissioners for penal action.

In the senate a bill was introduced by Mr. Parker reorganizing the Cleveland board of education. It provides for five members.

The appointment of Mr. E. C. Davies to be a trustee of the soldiers' and sailors' orphans' home was confirmed.

Mr. McMaken introduced a bill authorizing the commissioners of Butler county to issue $50,000 bonds to meet deficiencies and redeem outstanding bonds.

The senate then resumed consideration of the Snook-Sutphen contest case. The attorneys read the testimony of the election judges regarding disputed tickets.

New Incorporations.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 28.—The following articles of incorporation were filed in the office of the secretary of state yesterday: The Foster Stove company, Ironton, increase of capital stock from $40,000 to $50,000; the Poplar Beneficial Smokers Casino, Cincinnati; the Quantograph company, Youngstown, capital stock $1,000; the Excelsior Machine and Cleveland Punch and Shear Works company, Cleveland, capital stock $125,000; the Platt R. Spencer Memorial Library association, Geneva; the Knights of Saint Henry, Cincinnati; the Massillon Light, Heat and Power company, Massillon, capital stock $150,000.

Sensational Cowhiding.

BRIDGEPORT, O., Jan. 28.—A sensational affair occurred here Tuesday night. For some time past Frank McDonald has been paying attention to Mrs. Alfred Boyles. Last night Mrs. McDonald secured a blacksnake whip and gave Mrs. Boyles a severe beating on the street. All the parties are prominent in Bridgeport.

His First Trip Was His Last.

FOSTORIA, O., Jan. 28.—A brakeman on the Lake Erie and Western road fell between the cars here yesterday and was killed. Fifty-five cars passed over him, his body being literally ground to pieces and strewn along the track for several rods. It was his first trip. Decker was only twenty-two years old.

Requisition Honored.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 28.—Governor McKinley has honored a requisition from the governor of Missouri for William Reenan under arrest at Cincinnati. He is wanted at St. Louis for assault to rape.

Retired Business Man Gone.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 28.—Levi E. Stevens, father of Will E. Stevens, died yesterday at his residence, 348 West Ninth street, aged seventy-eight.

THAT IS LOVE.

Though Maimed, Blind and Dying, His Sweetheart Weds Her Lover.

ENGLISH, Ind., Jan. 28.—Quite a romantic affair took place at Maungo, Tuesday, in the marriage of Miss Spencer to Stroud Van Meter, the young man who, a few weeks ago, was blown up by dynamite in the stone quarry at that place. It will be remembered that one of Van Meter's eyes was completely torn from its socket, while the other one was injured beyond recovery.

In addition to this, his arms and legs were broken. One arm had to be cut off at the wrist and the other near the elbow.

Tuesday he was raised in bed and pillowed up to play his important part in the ceremony which united him during life to the woman whose pledges of love he long since received, and whose action on this remarkable occasion proves her to love as only woman can.

The bride is not only young and pretty—she is beautiful and intelligent. When the ceremony was finished she thanked God and declared that her heart was satisfied.

She will spend the days of their union soothing his pains and smoothing his way to the grave.

The young couple had been engaged several months, but the wedding day had been set far off to await the accumulation of sufficient money to acquire a home, and this must now be had with his parents, who are in that happy station of life where they have "little to sell and less to buy." They are above distress, however. Peace joins hands with domestic love to make all happy.

"God bless the bride!" exclaimed all who heard of her sacrifice.

Reporters May Be Present.

ALBANY, Jan. 28.—The assembly has passed a bill allowing newspaper representatives to witness electrical executions.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

SERIOUS FIRE LOSSES.

Half a Million Dollars Worth of Property Destroyed in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 28.—The six-story stone front buildings of the West and Tice company, importers of china, glass and fancy goods, at 139 and 141 West Fourth street, burned last night. The loss on stock is estimated at $125,000 and on the buildings $75,000. Insurance not known.

Knost Brothers, dealers in toys and fancy goods, at 137, suffered a loss of $75,000. The damage to the building is about $60,000; fully insured.

The loss sustained by the Meader Furniture company, at 135, was caused by water, and will not be very great.

The entire fire department was called out and prevented the flames spreading to other costly buildings in the block.

The St. Nicholas hotel, the Commercial Gazette building and the Neave building are in close proximity to the property destroyed.

While the fire was raging another fire broke out in the Cincinnati Elevator company's building near the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton depot, and destroyed the western portion of the building. Part of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton freight sheds were also destroyed. The loss will reach $50,000, partly insured.

CYRUS W. FIELD WANTS TO DIE.

Loss of Children and Fortune More Than He Can Bear.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—Cyrus W. Field is praying to die. No one who has known him believed that he would ever yield to anything that assailed him until breath ceased. But it is otherwise.

The strong self-made man, whose energy built the great Atlantic cable, and who up to a few months ago was enjoying a happy and honored old age, has been made a wreck by the crookedness of his son, the loss of his fortune and the death of his children.

"Oh, it's no use, no use," he faintly says. "It's all nothing now. Oh, that it should all come to this. I want to die; don't do anything for me; I shall not live," he uttered with feeble voice.

The climax of Mr. Field's illness has crushed those who watch and love him, and it baffles the physicians' skill. The sick man last night was just lingering along, with no marked change.

GLASS-WORKERS' STRIKE.

Eight Hundred Men Out at Pittsburg and Others Likely to Follow.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 28.—The employes of the seven Pittsburg glass tableware factories, controlled by the United States Glass company, the recently formed trust, went on a strike yesterday. About 800 men are idle. The present indications are that the strike will extend over all the factories of the United States company, there being nine other factories outside of Pittsburg.

The cause of the strike is a new set of rules. The new rules demand in substance that the men work four and a half hours on a task, whether they can finish it in less time or not, in order that better ware may be produced. A committee was appointed, and it is probable a conference will be arranged in order to settle the strike.

Killed by Falling Slate.

BRAZIL, Ind., Jan. 28.—Henry Perkins, aged fifty-eight, treasurer of the town of Knightsville, east of here, was found dead in his room in the Jumbo mine last evening. The coroner's verdict was accidental killing from falling slate.

Shot for Refusing to Marry.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Jan 28.—Miss Mary J. Brown, a domestic in the house of Dr. Shelton, this city, was shot and fatally wounded by Joseph K. Ryan, of New York, yesterday afternoon. Miss Brown had rejected Ryan's offer of marriage.

Boy Burned in a Bakery Blaze.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 28.—Tuesday night a fire destroyed several dilapidated dwellings on East Ohio street, Allegheny. One of the buildings destroyed was a baker's shop, in which Jose Babtz, a Bohemian, fifteen, was employed as a helper. It was thought that all had escaped from the building. Yesterday morning, however, the body of young Babtz was found frozen to the cellar floor. It is supposed that after completing his work Babtz had gone to sleep in the cellar, and was smothered to death. The buildings were occupied by Hungarian families.

Quick Mail from New York to Chicago.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.—The Commercial Advertiser says that its efforts to secure quick transportation of mails between New York and Chicago are on the point of success. Vice President Webb, of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad company, has stated that that company can start a train with mail from New York at 4:30 p. m. and land in Chicago in time for delivery at 10 o'clock the next morning, either over the Lake Shore or Michigan Central.

Vessel Long Overdue.

LONDON, Jan. 28.—The Albion, a steam trawler, with a crew of nine men, is now more than a fortnight overdue, and it is believed that she has been lost.

Mother and Babe Perish.

CALLERY JUNCTION, Pa., Jan. 28.—At an early hour yesterday morning the residence of Addison Hindman, a driller, was destroyed by fire and Mrs. Hindman and her child perished in the flames. The origin of the fire is a mystery, although it is thought it originated in an over-pressure of gas in the kitchen stove. Mr. Hindman was away from home at the time, having left about midnight for his work. The charred bodies of the mother and child were found in an affecting position, one arm of the former clasping her offspring to her breast. They were discovered on a bed and had doubtless been suffocated.

Died of His Injuries.

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 28.—Assistant Fire Marshal Ben McCarter, injured Tuesday night by the overturning of a hose reel, died at 8:30 yesterday morning. Driver Nels Anderson is not expected to live.

The Best Authorities.

Such as Dr. Dio Lewis, Prof. Gross, and others agree that catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It therefore requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which effectually and permanently cures catarrh. Thousands praise it.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation and all troubles of the digestive organs.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

DYSPEPSIA

Is that misery experienced when suddenly made aware that you possess a diabolical arrangement called stomach. No two dyspeptics have the same predominant symptoms, but whatever form dyspepsia takes

The underlying cause to is the LIVER,

and one thing is certain no one will remain a dyspeptic who will

It will correct Acidity of the Stomach, Expel foul gases, Allay Irritation, Assist Digestion and at the same time

Start the Liver working and all bodily ailments will disappear.

"For more than three years I suffered with Dyspepsia in its worst form. I tried several doctors, but they afforded no relief. At last I tried Simmons Liver Regulator, which cured me in a short time. It is a good medicine. I would not be without it."—JAMES A. ROAMS, Philad'a, Pa

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BY W. G. HARDING.

SATURDAY, - - JANUARY 30

THE talent of the Ohio legislature has not been wholly exhausted in preparing redistricting bills. We have wondered that some Democrat has not offered a bill in the hope of attaining a little newspaper notoriety.

IN a few days the discussion of the Chilian affair will be at an end. The little bulldozer has gotten off her high perch, has apologized and agreed to do all that Uncle Sam wants and more than he has asked, and there is serenity in the situation. Of course it is best that a war has been averted, but the agitation has had the good effect of inaugurating the work of strengthening the U. S. navy, and the work ought to go on.

THE house has voted to repeal the law providing for permanent encampment grounds for the Ohio militia, the repeal being made after an effort to secure state appropriations to pay for the grounds selected. The people generally would prefer to have the senate concur in the repeal, because a permanent camp ground is neither wanted by the militia nor the people. Newark is up in arms, almost crazed over the action of the house. The people will be best satisfied if Newark is displeased. The permanent camp ground is not popular.

CALEDONIA LETTER

A Breezy Contribution from Regular About Events Over East.

CALEDONIA, Jan. 28.—As the prospect diminishes for a brush with the little insignificant nation on the South American coast, we have concluded to not offer our services just at the present time but continue on in the same old rut in which we have been traveling and content ourselves with the thought that we may be able to stir up a fight some of these days with the Fiji Islands, Borneo or a country inferior to either of them, and cover ourselves with glory from head to foot, and if we ever do come in contact with any country the size of these mentioned it will not astonish me in the least if we have to open our doors to the Chinese in order to get force enough to manufacture fire crackers to carry on the conflict and then look out. Fiz, bang, we will advance on their strongholds, gather what little territory they possess under our wing and retire with the thought that the dignity and honor of our country has been sustained even if we had to whip an infant to do it.

Morgan Henson, of Missouri, a former resident of this place, has been visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity for the past two weeks. He left for his home Tuesday night.

Rev. Martindale commenced a series of meetings in the M. E. church at this place on Sunday evening. A great deal of interest is being manifested.

John W. Hinds, of LaRue, was calling on his numerous friends in this place on last Saturday evening.

Mrs. C. H. Bowse has gone to Toledo to receive surgical treatment at the hospital in that city.

A. T. Lyon and family will leave our city next week and take up their residence on the farm. John Kinnamon will go out from Bob Highly's wing and move into the house vacated by Lyon on Water street.

McIntyre, of Crafton, will make weekly calls at this place and do the photograph act in the old Bateman building near the railroad. We will call on our citizens next week for the purpose of raising a collection to pay for making a group of the old Bongton corner, the bell tower on the square and our saw dust pike. Every citizen of our village should have one of these pictures to hang in his parlor.

Mrs. Hossler, an aged lady residing north of town, was buried on Wednesday morning.

As soon as arrangements can be made weather signals will be sounded from the whistle of the Eureka mills in this village.

Prof. Smith, of our schools, made a flying trip to Columbus last week.

Our schools will give an entertainment in Ludwig's opera house, on Washington's birthday, Feb. 22d.

G. G. Curtis is making his delivery of the Peerless Atlas. He has sold several dozen of these books in this locality.

A great many of our citizens have come to grief over the disappearance of the sleighing as numerous parties had been planned for this week.

RIGOLAR.

Divorce Case Filed.

Rosina Schaufeile Friday filed suit for divorce from Frederick Schaufeile on the grounds of gross neglect. Plaintiff's petition recites a peculiar tale. She states that she was married to defendant January 18, 1890, and for eight months was compelled to live with his parents, where she was subjected to much abuse and vile names; that when she was compelled to leave she went to Delaware and secured work for herself and a situation for her husband, which he refused to accept. She also alleges that all that defendant purchased for her toward her support were a few trinkets amounting to about one dollar. Scofield & Scofield are plaintiff's attorneys.

PROSPECT POINTERS

The News from the City of Chautauqua Will Soon Have Electric Light.

PROSPECT, Jan. 27.—Our ice men have been reaping a rich harvest, and have still it on.

Prospect Lodge, No. [illegible], I. O. O. F., has been granted the use of the hall for putting in ice and opening up the lodge room.

The council has granted the use of the light plant to R. L. Wilson and Chas. Wyatt, who will put in the [illegible] equipment at once. The company has also contracted with the above gentlemen for fifty incandescent electric street lamps of thirty-two candle power each, also for lights for the engine room and city prison.

Ira C. Keller, proprietor of the Brookside Poultry Farm, has been selected as one of the judges on poultry at the great bench show to be held in Madison Square garden, New York city, Feb. 3d to 6th. This is the largest poultry show in the world and quite an honor to Mr. Keller as a judge of fine poultry, as he is the only judge selected west of New York state. Mr. Keller seems to be pushing to the front rank as a show room judge. One can imagine this mammoth exhibition when twenty-seven judges have been secured from nine different states and Canada to handle the show.

Harvey P. Boyd, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Boyd, died on Monday morning after an illness of four days, aged 19 years, 9 months and 1 days. The funeral was held at the family residence, two miles northwest of Prospect, on Wednesday morning. Rev. Shedd officiating, and the remains were placed in the cemetery vault at this place.

Harry Freeland, of Green Camp, spent Sunday in Prospect.

J. F. Decker was returned to the insane asylum at Columbus, on Saturday last.

Frank Hole and lady were in Prospect Sunday evening.

Mr and Mrs. Walker, Mrs. F. W. [illegible], Misses Nettie and Maude Freeland, Misses Ettie Davis, Laura Travis, Cora and Nora Slack, all of Green Camp, attended the protracted meeting at the M. E. church last Sunday night.

Miss Minnie Boxwell, of Green Camp, visited friends in this place last week.

Miss Lillian West, of Marion, was the guest of Prospect friends last week.

Ed Matthews, of Green Camp, has been cultivating in Prospect the past week.

W. F. Bell and wife Sundayed with relatives in Prospect.

Mrs. F. G. Brown, of Marion, visited her mother, Mrs. J. W. Boyd, from Friday till Monday.

A sled load of our young people took advantage of the fine sleighing and drove to Marion on Friday night, and were entertained in a royal manner at the home of Mrs. Jas. West.

Mr. C. L. Miller, of Bellefontaine, O., and Miss Allie DeWitt, of this place, were married at the home of the bride's parents on Wednesday evening, by Rev. J. H. Julian. Immediately after the ceremony the newly married couple left for Bellefontaine, to visit relatives of the groom. They will make their home at Waverly, O., where Mr. Miller is in business. The best wishes of this entire community go with them.

NEWSY GREEN CAMP

Deaths, Marriages and Accidents at the Little Village, Together with Comments.

GREEN CAMP, Jan. 28.—Geo. Martin and Miss Alice Huffman were united in marriage on Friday of last week, Rev. J. E. Cox officiating.

Revival meetings are being held at Otterbein.

A large sleigh load of our gayest youths went to Prospect on Sunday evening to attend church. Strange, but not one can remember the text.

A freight train went east just after dark Sunday night without a headlight. At a prominent crossing there was neither bell ring or whistle sounded. No wonder that there are so many accidents.

Rev. Cox preached at the Claridon U. B. church on Thursday night.

Postmaster Fatbright set twenty drinks on Monday. Quite a serious loss.

There was a run away of a team attached to a sleigh just west of town Monday, but no serious damage was done.

A gentleman of this village received this week a communication from the "green goods" sharks. The papers were forwarded to the government authorities.

The snow may be good for wheat but is tough on horse flesh.

Mr. Matthews, who lives on the Big Island pike west of town, is not expected to live long. Lung troubles, aggravated by grippe, are slowly but surely sapping his strength.

The entertainment at the Baptist church on Tuesday evening by our public school's was a very interesting one, reflecting much credit on teachers and pupils.

Rev. J. E. Cox was called on Thursday to preach the funeral sermon of Mrs. Lu Fever, of Owen.

The many friends of Rev. J. A. Sutton are pleased to know that he is to be located so near us. He goes to the Mineral pastorate.

A little son of Mr. Boyd, living near the Newman bridge, died very suddenly on Monday last. The cause of his death was not learned.

Rev. Winders is conducting a series of preaching services at the German Reformed church west of town.

Little Joe, the six weeks' old babe of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Berry, died on Tuesday morning. He was a bright and promising child, the pride and joy of fond parents. A short sickness carried him off. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of the entire community.

GREEN CAMP.

ATLANTA, Jan. 29.—Theodore Flesch was shot and killed by his brother-in-law, John L. Craig, Wednesday. The two wives had quarreled, and Flesch attacked Craig with an ax, when the latter shot him.

NEWS OF DECLIFF

Jots of the Writer of Local Happenings and Current Events.

DECLIFF, Jan. 27.—D. H. Clifton is on the sick list.

All the rock is for the roads.

Mrs. Lee Wade is visiting at Hepburn's creek.

Lee Lapsley is [illegible] to [illegible].

Wm. Cessna, Jr., and H. W. Carlson, of Scottown, are at Grove Mound this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Myers, of Wellington, O., are visiting relatives at DeCliff.

Mrs. Chris. Cory and children are visiting relatives at Montpelier, Ind.

Mr. George Hoffstetter, north of town, and Mr. Ben Cauley, south, are having a very severe attack of the grip.

Since the snow came over one thousand logs have come into the DeCliff saw mill.

A fine coal at the depot yards is ready for the C. and E. engines. This should be considered a blessing.

Bert Seal and Scottown is to have a saloon in the near future; Agosta parties to be the proprietors.

The Caledonia edition of the STAR went before last had more locals in it than the Argus, or probably the Argus has moved over to Marion that week.

The Green Camp and LaRue STAR men ought to leave the cow boy entirely out of their scrap. Marion county suffered enough last summer on the cow boy racket.

From reports at hand this seems to be a evil year for revival meetings. Such years do actually occur just the same as in politics. Next year, however, we may look for another general shaking up all around. The Equality Evangelists, however, have struck LaRue with fair force, and it is hoped by the good citizens of that enterprising town that Jim Leonard, Henry Wise, Tom Dabbit, etc., will be brought to their senses.

Public roads were mentioned in Governor McKinley's message, and just now roads are, to some extent, the topic—in the way of pikes. They all should be built on the sinking fund plan; every one must know what that means. Pikes built on this plan in states where it is adopted give universal satisfaction. They are only paid for, and a few heavy land owners along the proposed pike don't have to stand the blunt of its cost, but in common the whole county. Some argue that pikes increase the value of land. This is true to a certain extent. Unimproved lands are invariably benefitted in value. But take the improved and already valuable land subject to pike, and the increase is very limited. For instance, build a pike running through DeCliff to intersect with the LaRue pike, it would subject Mr. Wm. Bain, of DeCliff, to the highest assessment for over three hundred acres, which means a cost to him alone of crushed stone and double tracked, as it should, from $1600 to $2000. Now, who will give him $1600 to $2000 more for his land, which is worth $60 per acre? It is not likely, and we are safe in saying that pikes cut but little figure in buying valuable land. Most farmers and taxpayers are friendly to good pikes and would like to have them, but don't care to be cramped or broke up in order to get them—that won't not be business. Build pikes and plenty of them, but on the sinking fund plan, and in a few years Marion county will be full of good roads and the people will be proud of them. The public roads are the people's property, therefore let all take a hand in building them.

JOE STOKES.

ALONG THE CLENTANGY

Crisp Local and Personal Notes Forwarded from Caledonia.

CALEDONIA, January 28.—Our people have put away their sleds and hold in fond remembrance the pleasures of about two weeks' sleighing.

J. W. Rhodebeck and wife, of West Point, Ohio, spent Sunday with J. C. Irvin and family at their home on Main street.

The relatives of Mr. and Mrs. N. Betts attended the funeral of the aged couple on Thursday, the 28th. Mr. and Mrs. Betts died almost simultaneously and were buried side by side in the same grave. They resided about four miles south of this place.

Miss Carrie Rowse is visiting relatives and friends at Ewington.

Protracted meeting is in progress at the M. E. church and will be continued for an indefinite time.

Lee Goette, who has been seriously ill with the grip, is able to be around again, and we are glad to see him on the streets.

Our people became enthused on the Chilian question, and displayed considerable patriotism and a person to hear some of them talk would think that the adjustment of the trouble laid with them, and they would very soon end every settler.

The fire bell was taken from the frame on the square this week and placed in the tower of the new town hall.

Mrs. A. M. Dyke still remains very weak and no change is noticeable in her condition.

Our street commissioner has been idle for a few days past, but as the weather continues warm he will soon find something to do at $1.50 per day.

Our council is considering the matter of putting down the floor in the hall of our town building, and getting it in shape for use.

Messrs. McKenzie and Kuder, of Galion have engaged in the photographic business in his place, and have arranged to be here on Wednesday of each week.

For days, each side we have had this season was cut last Saturday night, to the residence of A. M. Kinnaman, south of town, where a jolly party was entertained.

IRREGULAR.

CLARIDON ADELAIDE

Numerous Marion Visitors at the Little Village—Local Notes.

ADELAIDE, Jan. 28, '92.—Mr. Chas. Dee, of Marion, and about 35 of his friends spent Thursday evening with Mrs. DeVore and family.

A party of 17 from Marion spent Thursday evening at Wm. Miller's residence, 2½ miles west of our village.

The trustees of the M. E. church met Monday evening to decide whether to dispose of the old M. E. church or not.

Mrs. John Mitchell is much better at this writing.

Mr. Wm. Underwood made an assignment Thursday for the benefit of his creditors.

Rev. Struggles is very poorly yet and was unable to fill his pulpit on the Sabbath.

Misses Rice and Underwood, of Caledonia, spent Saturday and Sabbath with Mrs. Owen and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward, of Edison, Ohio, spent Sabbath with Mrs. Sarepta Smith.

Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Gillson spent Tuesday in Caledonia, the guests of Mrs. W. Hart.

Mr. E. Lemley and family, of Morrow county, were guests of Mr. J. Ullom, Sabbath.

Mrs. W. J. Thew and children and Miss Ella Barga, of Caledonia, spent Sabbath with Mrs. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Mouser, of Marion, Wm. Miller and family, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Underwood and Geo. Williams and family spent Sabbath at P. E. Williams'.

John Wingett and family and Mr. and Mrs. Jackson spent two or three days of last week with W. L. Thom and family.

M. C. Aye, Emma DeVore and Maud Kingsbury spent Monday with David Ireland and family, near Denmark, O.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Myers entertained a small company from our village Tuesday evening.

Frank Fletcher and family spent Sabbath with the family of Jas. Fletcher here.

A party from Marion spent Monday evening with Jacob Howser and family.

Mrs. Mary J. Mitchell is suffering from an attack of the grip.

There was a party at Mr. Goodings, 3 miles south of our village Tuesday evening.

VIDOCQ.

LARUE LOCALS

The Star Correspondent Pens a Budget of Local and Personal Paragraphs.

LARUE, January 28.—Salvation's hosts have at last struck the town. Prayer and praises can now be heard each night and the devil is on the jump.

Fifteen of our most prominent citizens went to Mt. Victory Sunday afternoon to see the result of the great fire.

This week's edition of the Mt. Victory Observer will be issued from the News office, as the Observer office is too open for this zero weather.

James Pechtt, a married man, was severely hurt at Ira Williams's saw mill Tuesday by a stick catching in the saw and being thrown against his breast, over his heart.

Ed Mealy, one of our livery men, had a run away at Agosta Wednesday, and was hurt very badly. His injuries are very painful, but are not serious.

Miss Stawser swallowed a common pin. It lodged in her throat and she is suffering very badly.

One of those chicken dealers that J. F. Marsh embraced so tightly has gone to Arizona.

Thos. Robins, one of our oldest and best citizens, is lying at death's door.

George Halverstott and Ben Morelle are both very sick with the grip.

The Blows have bought the farm of D. Gilchrist, for $50 per acre, and Dolano will soon move to Kansas.

J. J. Hopkins was on our streets Saturday.

Senator Ben spent Saturday and Sunday at home. He seems to think the Lord is capable to run all his state [illegible] Sherman's election.

Frank Hafer, of Paterson, is visiting at the home of his brother, Jerry, in this place.

Harrison Sprague received word from his daughter, Nettie Strather, who lives in West Virginia, that she was dangerously sick. Mr. Sprague, wife and daughter started immediately to see her.

A little child of Lafe Quigley's is very sick.

B. S.

Mardi Gras in New Orleans and Mobile.

The Queen and Crescent route will sell tickets from Cincinnati to New Orleans, La., and Mobile, Ala., and return at one fare for the round trip on February 26, 27, 28 and 29, on account of Mardi Gras, which begins at points named above on March 1.

The Queen and Crescent route is running solid vestibuled trains from Cincinnati to New Orleans without change. Ask your ticket agent for tickets reading via the Queen and Crescent route. [511]

School Examinations.

THE School Examiners of Marion County, Ohio will meet for the examination of teachers

JANUARY 30TH
FEBRUARY 13TH
FEBRUARY 27TH
MARCH 12TH.
MARCH 26TH
APRIL 9TH.

Examination will commence at 8 a. m. and no application will be received after 9 a.m. Written and oral tests will be required, and no private examinations will be granted. A fee of 75 cents will be charged on admission to the examination, and each applicant will furnish an envelope, stamped and addressed to him or herself, in which a certificate or notice of failure will be forwarded. Applicants will be graded on a scale of 10. No certificate will be granted when the grade in any branch of study falls below 4. An average of

7 secures a Certificate for 1 year.
8 " " 2 years.
9 " " 3 years.

Knowledge of the theory and practice of teaching and success in the school room will also be taken into consideration in determining the class of certificate.

LEWIS RANCK,
B. G. YOUNG,
C. K. GUTHERY, } Examiners.

ALL SATISFACTORY.

The Chilian Trouble is at an End.

SO SAYS THE PRESIDENT.

A Special Message Sent to Congress In Which He Says That Chili Has Apologized and Is Willing to Make Reparation for the Baltimore Outrage.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—There can now be no doubt that the trouble with Chili is at an end. President Harrison has sent to congress another message, accompanied by correspondence on the subject, showing that Chili really has conceded all that we have demanded. Apology has been made, the demand for Egan's recall withdrawn, as also the offensive note of Matta, and indemnity will be made for the assault on our sailors.

The president says this is as satisfactory as could be hoped for. He congratulates the country upon the happy termination of a most unhappy incident.

The following is the message of the president as sent to congress:

To the Senate and House of Representatives.

I transmit herewith additional correspondence between this government and the government of Chili, consisting of a note of Mr. Montt, the Chilian minister at this capital, to Mr. Blaine, dated Jan. 25; a reply of Mr. Blaine thereto of date of Jan. 25; and a dispatch from Mr. Egan, our minister at Santiago, transmitting the response of Mr. Pereira, the Chilian minister of foreign affairs, to the note of Mr. Blaine of Jan. 21, which was received by me on the 26th inst. The note of Mr. Montt to Mr. Blaine, though dated Jan. 25, was not delivered at the state department until after 12 o'clock, meridian, of the 25th, and was not translated and its import found to me until late in the afternoon of that day.

The response of Mr. Pereira to our note of the 21st, withdraws, with acceptable expressions of regret, the offensive note of Mr. Matta of the 11th ultimo, and also the request for the recall of Mr. Egan. The sentiment of the incident of the assault upon the sailors of the Baltimore is so conciliatory and friendly that I am of the opinion that there is a good prospect that the differences growing out of that serious affair can now be adjusted upon terms satisfactory to this government, by the usual methods and without special powers from congress. This turn in the affair is very gratifying to me, as I am sure it will be to the congress and to our people. The general support of the efforts of the executive to enforce the just right of the nation in this matter has given an instructive and useful illustration of the unity and patriotism of our people.

Should it be necessary, I will again communicate with congress upon the subject.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Accompanying the message was all the late correspondence on the subject, including Chili's answer to the ultimatum, which was quite a lengthy document. As it now stands the committee on foreign affairs of the house has nothing to do, and the subject will not be brought before congress.

KENTUCKY LYNCHING.

Lego Gibson Taken from Owenton Jail and Hanged by a Mob.

OWENTON, Ky., Jan. 29.—Lego Gibson, who murdered Frank Legon, was taken from jail Thursday night and hanged by a mob. Gibson was arrested that day for shooting Frank Legon at Owenton, Friday last. Immediately after the shooting Gibson disappeared. Sheriff Shepherd and Deputy Donaway arrested him at the residence of Boswell Hunter.

When arrested he was quietly picking a banjo. He at first resisted, but was overpowered and taken to jail. After reaching the jail Gibson was very quiet, and said the cause of his shooting Liggons was jealousy. They began to quarrel, and Gibson shot him five times.

The lynching was done in a very quiet and business-like way, without trouble or excitement. The sheriff was not at the jail when the mob came, and no resistance was offered. Gibson's only request was to see his mother, but it was denied.

The murder of Legon took place six miles west of here last Friday morning. The trouble grew out of a horse trade in which Gibson traded to Legon a horse on which was a mortgage to Dr. Taylor. Taylor, by proper steps, took the horse, and Legon went after Gibson, but could not find him. Gibson was dodging, but when they met on Friday morning some unpleasant words were passed between them, when Gibson shot Legon just above the hip, from the effects of which he died Sunday.

Gibson was only twenty, but had a very bad reputation. He was also a relative of Cob Bartlett, the desperado, who shot Dr. Coutts' wife some time ago.

Frank Legon was a good, industrious citizen, and was recently married.

The mob was composed of about fifty men, all masked. There will probably be no attempt made to prosecute any of them.

Round Boy Beats a Team.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., Jan. 29.—In the case of John Lafferty, a farmer, charged with beating a seven-year old "bound" boy to death, the grand jury has returned true bills against him for manslaughter, maltreatment of an apprentice and aggravated assault and battery. The trial has been postponed until the April sessions.

A Bad Strain.

—Life.

prise it was. He was engaged to write what he chose, as he chose, over his nom de plume, to be subject to none of the restrictions or discipline of the office, and it was common report that he was to receive $5,000 a year for this undertaking. This shrewdness of management unquestionably saved Nye from being burned in that mighty wave of literary endeavor which produces anonymously the best in our daily newspapers. It revealed that Nye was as strong in business as he was great in humor, and from that time on his pathway has been one of ever increasing prosperity.

His fame being established, he was able to make other newspaper connections, so that in the course of a year or two he was in receipt of an income of over $10,000 a year. There were times when Mr. Nye felt some sadness that his reputation should be merely that of a literary jester but he consoled himself with the thought that he was giving innocent delight to thousands, was providing well for his family and also with the hope that in the future he would be able to win a more critical reputation in higher literary endeavor.

His business instincts served him well also when he entered the lecture field. The work is hard and dreary and entails prolonged absences from a most charming family, but it pays well. His profits are commonly reported to have been as high as from $25,000 to $30,000 a year, so that in the past four or five years Mr. Nye's income has equaled that of the greater lawyers, has been as large as the individual profits which many bankers and merchants have received from their business, and has been equaled among literary men probably only by the income of the Rev. Dr. Talmage. He has ventured into the drama, although he is not a dramatist and must ever rely upon those who have dramatic instinct and experience to make his plays fit for stage representation. He has also conquered the literary set, and is now furnishing a series of articles for one of the leading magazines.

Mr. Nye's life, however, is in his domestic circle, and it is no wonder. His wife, a charming woman, is just the helpmeet for such a man, and with his four children he is as much a child as any of them. He lives in luxury in a beautiful place on Staten Island, and has also a residence at Asheville, N. C., where he is now convalescing from the effects of the recent accident from which he suffered in Jackson, Miss.

Mr. Nye has barely entered the prime of life, being in his fortieth year, and if his present prosperity attends him he seems likely to become the wealthiest of our literary men.

E. J. EDWARDS.

What a Chance!

A clever teacher who has the power of calling out originality in her pupils says that she should certainly have no time for the use of text books if she attempted to answer all the startling questions asked her in the class. One day the attraction of gravitation was under discussion, and Charley Beale volunteered the opinion that he "didn't see any need of it anyway."

"It seems to me," said Charley, "there's no particular use in having the earth attract things. Now when the apple fell, and made Newton think out the reason, why that apple might just as well have staid where it was till somebody gathered it."

"You play ball, don't you?" asked the teacher.

"Yes'm."

"Suppose you hit the ball very high; what happens?"

"It falls."

"But if there were no attraction toward the earth it wouldn't fall. Don't you think that might prove inconvenient?"

Charley did not answer immediately. His eyes were bright with the light of a new idea.

"My!" he broke forth involuntarily "What a chance for a home run!"—Youth's Companion.

Discouraging.

Mrs. A.—What did Charles have to say about the theater last night?

Mr. A.—Not much of anything, except that the house was papered.

Mrs. A.—Mercy! Paper the house while the performance was going on? I should think it must have been very discouraging.

Mr. A.—It was—to the box office.—Boston Transcript.

Tempus Fugit.

"Johnny, how many hours are there in a day?" asked Colonel Yerger of his son Johnny, who is attending lectures at the University of Texas.

"Twenty-five hours," was the reply.

"What has become of the other one?"

"I don't know, but I heard the teacher say the days were one hour longer than they used to be."—Texas Siftings.

An Old Settler.

Lord Nobby (to Nevada Nick)—Y' must 'ave lived 'ere a good while, eh?

Nevada Nick—See that mounting thar? That was a hole in the ground when I came here.—Drake's Magazine.

All She Asked For.

Insinuating Photographer (holding photographs in hand)—No, madam, you have never been successfully posed; none of these pictures does you justice.

Plain Lady—I do not want justice, sir; I want mercy.—Smith & Gray's Monthly.

HER FIRST RAILROAD RIDE.

She dressed herself, she made her will, she bade them all goodby,
"I'm eighty years of age," she said, "I fear I'm goin to die.
It's a mighty risky business and I'm skeered I won't pull through.
Dear Suzzi' I feel so faintified I skerce know what I'll do.

"If 'twa'n't my daughter Nancy is expectin of me so,
I'd stay right home, nor budge an inch for people or to know
When one gits old as me, it ain't no time to be a trustin
Yourselves where cars can smash up or engines take to bustin.

"For plain old wagon ridin my taste won't never spile,
Though John gits out the buggy when he wants to put on style;
But when in through the country at forty miles an hour,
Is tamperin mighty recklessly with the good Lord's mighty power.

"I swan! I've just a mind to give up goin there at all;
If Nancy wants me, goodness! What a tarrifyin squall!
Train comin, did you say, John? Lord, now she shakes the earth!
Son, stand by your old mammy, for the sound just takes my breath.

"Goodbye to all—along goodby, I know I shan't live through it.
What's all my bowlin for, John, how could you, could you use them when you knew it—
Carry me off in this here style, a-shootin through the land;
Sit closer, son, and don't you laugh—but—let me hold your hand.

"I'll shet my eyes, I allus do, when I don't want to see;
This bein whirled to Jericho—but ain't no fun to me.
The whishin and the whishin, and the roarin of the train,
I know I'll hear it always a-hangin through my brain.

"I—what? You say we're there? Tain't so! We've shorely only started.
Tain't more'n half an hour, son John, sence from our home we parted;
And yet there's Nancy wavin with the team beyond the station.
Have we come twenty miles this quick? It just beats all creation.

"Well, John, I'm glad I'm still alive. Wonders will never cease.
Yet now I'm here with Nancy my poor mind won't git to peace
With wonderin how I'll ever, ever git back home again,
For I know it's all a judgment sent to punish me for sin."

—Yankee Blade.

Her Mother Was Funny.

Birdie McHennipin is one of the belles of Austin. Her intellect, however, does not tower into sublime heights; but, to use the cold language of truthfulness, she is very much the same kind of a young lady that Gus De Smith is a young man. Not long since he proposed matrimony. He proposed in good faith, in a solemn, impressive manner, upon which Miss Birdie inaugurated a giggle, until Gus was very much disgusted, and arising from his knees his anger found vent in words. He was mad—too mad almost to speak.

"Miss McHennipin," he finally ejaculated, "with me this is no laughing matter. Why should you see anything ridiculous about it?"

"You must excuse me, Mr. De Smith—really you must—for I am not laughing at you really, now, I am not. Ma's so funny, you know. Really she is just too funny for any use. Yes, I was laughing at ma."

"At your ma?"

"Yes, you see ma told me only this morning, 'Birdie, you are so green that some donkey will take you yet,' and there you come"——

But he was gone. He was in the past tense. It was he who banged the door so violently.

"I wonder," said the suddenly deserted Birdie, "I wonder, now, really, if he is offended at what ma said? But then ma always was too awfully funny for any kind of use."—Texas Siftings.

"John, the baby has swallowed your collar stud."

"Well, for goodness sake, send for the doctor at once. I've got to wear that stud tonight."—London Tit-Bits.

WHAT IS

SCROFULA

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

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If you always insist upon having Allcock's Porous plasters and never accept a substitute, you will not be disappointed.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

[NOTE.—Major Winthrop was killed at the battle of Big Bethel, Va., June 10, 1861, and was one of the first Union officers that fell in the war. He was General Butler's representative on the field, and met his fate while gallantly leading forward a detachment to flank the Confederate position. Upon examining his personal effects his relatives discovered the unpublished manuscripts of several sketches and novels, among them the story of John Brent.]

CHAPTER I.

GERRIAN'S RANCH.

A few years ago I was working a gold quartz mine in California.

It was a worthless mine, under the conditions of that time. I had been dragged into it by the shifts and needs of California life. Destiny probably meant to teach me patience and self possession deliberately. So destiny thrust me into a bitter bad business of quartz mining.

If I had had countless dollars of capital to work my mine, or quicksilver for amalgamation as it ought and plenty as the snow on the Sierra Nevada, I might have done well enough.

As it was, I got but certain pennyworths of gold to a ton, intolerable quantity of quartz. The precious metal was to the brute mineral in the proportion of perhaps a hundred pinheads to the ton. My partners down in San Francisco wrote to me, "Only find twice as many pinheads and our fortune is made." So thought those ardent fellows, fancying that gold would go up and labor go down—that presently I would strike a vein where the mineral would show yellow threads and yellow dots, perhaps even yellow knobs, in the crevices, instead of empty crannies which nature had prepared for monetary deposits and forgotten to fill.

So thought the fellows in San Francisco. They had been speculating in beef, breadstuffs, city lots, Rincon Point, wharf property, mission lands, Mexican titles, Sacramento boats, politics, Oregon lumber. They had been burned out, they had been cleaned out, they had been drowned out. They depended upon me and the quartz mine to set them up again. So there was a small, steady stream of money flowing up from San Francisco from the depleted coffers of those sanguine partners, flowing into our mine and sinking there, together with my labor and my life. * * *

At last he licked my hand.

I went on toiling, day after day, week after week, two good years over that miserable mine. Nothing came of it. I was growing poorer with every ton we dug, poorer with every pound we crushed. In a few months more I should have spent my last dollar and have gone to day labor. I saw, of course, that something must be done. What, I did not know. I was in that state when one needs an adviser without himself to take him by the hand gently, by the shoulder forcibly, by the hair roughly, or even by the nose insultingly, and drag him off into a new region.

The influence came. Bad news reached me. My only sister, a widow, my only near relative, died, leaving two young children to my care. It was strange how this sorrow made the annoyance and weariness of my life naught! How this responsibility cheered me! My life seemed no longer lonely and purposeless. Point was given to all my intentions at once. I must return home to New York. Further plans when I am there! But now for home! If any one wanted my quartz mine he might have it. I could not pack it in my saddlebags to present to a college cabinet of mineralogy.

I determined, as time did not absolutely press, to ride home across the plains. It is a grand journey. Two thousand miles or so on horseback. Mountains, deserts, prairies, rivers, Mormons, Indians, buffalo—adventures without number in prospect. A hearty campaign and no carpet knighthood about it.

It was late August. I began my preparations at once.

It happened that on a journey early in the same summer, some twenty miles from my mine, I had come upon a band of horses feeding on the prairie. They cantered off as I went riding down the yellow slope, and then, halting just out of lasso reach, stopped to reconnoiter me.

One horse, however, among them, had more courage, or more curiosity, or more faith. He withdrew from the gregarious commonalty—the irregular aristocrat!—and approached me, circling about as if he felt a certain centripetal influence—as if he knew himself a higher being than his mustang comrades—nearer to man and willing to offer him his friendship. He and I divided the attention of the herd. He seemed to be, not their leader, but rather one who disclaimed leadership. Facile princeps! He was too far above the noblest of the herd to care for their unexciting society.

I slipped quietly down from my little Mexican caballo, and, tethering him to a bush with the lariat, stood watching the splendid motions of this free steed of the prairie.

He was an American horse—so they distinguish in California one brought from the old states—a superb young stallion, perfectly black, without mark. It was magnificent to see him as he circled about me, fire in his eye, pride in his nostril, tail flying like a banner, power and grace from tip to tip. No one would ever mount him or ride him, unless it was his royal pleasure. He was conscious of his representative position, and showed his paces handsomely. It is the business of all beautiful things to exhibit.

Imagine the scene. A little hollow in the prairie, forming a perfect amphitheater; the yellow grass and wild oats grazed short; a herd of horses staring from the slope, myself standing in the middle, like the ringmaster in a circus, and this wonderful horse performing at his own free will. He trotted powerfully, he galloped gracefully, he thundered at full speed, he lifted his fore legs to welcome, he flung out his hind legs to repel, he leaped as if he were springing over bayoners, he pranced and curveted as if he were the pretty plaything of a girl; finally, when he had amused himself and delighted me sufficiently, he trotted up and snuffed about me, just out of reach.

A horse knows a friend by instinct. So does a man. But a vain, vain creature! is willing to repel instinct and trust intellect, and so suffers from the attempt to revise his first impressions, which, if he is healthy, are infallible.

The black, instinctively knowing me for a friend, came forward and made the best speech he could of welcome—a neigh and no more. Then, feeling a disappointment that his compliment could not be more melodiously or gracefully turned, he approached nearer, and, not without shying and starts, of which I took no notice, at last licked my hand, put his head upon my shoulder, suffered me to put my arm round his neck, and in fact lavished upon me every mark of confidence. We were growing fast friends when I heard a sound of coming hoofs. The black tore away with a snort and galloped off with the herd after him. A Mexican vaquero dashed down the slope in pursuit. I hailed him.

"A quien es ese caballo—el negrito?"

"Aquel diablo! es del Senor Gerrian." And he sped on.

I knew Gerrian. He was a Pike of the better class. He had found his way early to California, bought a mission farm, and established himself as a ranchero. His herds, droves and flocks darkened the hills.

It chanced that, when I was making my arrangements to start for home, business took me within a mile of Gerrian's ranch. I remembered my interview with the black. It occurred to me that I would ride down and ask the ranchero to sell me his horse for my journey.

I found Gerrian, a lank, wire drawn man, burned almost Mexican color, lounging in the shade of his adobe house. I told him my business in a word.

"No bueno, stranger!" said he.

"Why not? Do you want to keep the horse?"

"No, not particklar. Thar ain't a better stallion nor him this side the South Pass; but I can't do nothing with him no more'n yer can with a steamboat when the cap'n says, 'Beat or bust!' He's a black devil, ef thar ever was a devil into a horse's hide. Somebody's tried to break him down when he was a colt, an now he won't stan nobody goan near him."

"Sell him to me, and I'll try him with kindness."

"No, stranger. I've tuk a middlin shine to you from the way you got off that Chinaman them Pikes was goan to hang fur stealing the mule what he hadn't stoled. I've tuk a middlin kind er shine to you, and I don't want to see yer neck broke, long er me. That thar black 'll shut up the hinge in yer neck so tight that yer'll never look up to ther top of a red wood again. Allowin you hain't got an old ox yoke into yer fur backbone, yer'll keep off that thar black kettrypid till the Injins tie yer on, and motion yer to let him slide or be shot."

"My backbone is pretty stiff," said I: "I will risk my neck."

"The greasers is some on hosses, you'll give in, I reckon. Well, thar ain't a greaser on my ranch that 'll put leg over that thar streak er four legged lightning; no, not if yer'd chain off for him a claim six squar leagues in the raal old Garden of Paradise an stock it with ther best gang er bullocks this side er Santer Fee."

"But I'm not a Mexican; I'm the stiffest kind of Yankee. I don't give in to horse or man. Besides, if he throws me and breaks my neck I get my claim in Paradise at once."

"Well, stranger, you've drawed yer bead on that thar black, as anybody can see, an ef a man's drawed his bead thar ain't no use tellin him to pint off."

"No. If you'll sell I'll buy."

"Well, if you wunt go fur to ask me to throw in a coffin to boot, p'raps we ken scare up a trade. How much do you own in the Foolonner mine?"

I have forgotten to speak of my mine by its title. A certain Pike named Pegrum, Colonel Pegrum, a pompous Pike from Pike county, Missouri, had once owned a mine. The Spaniards, finding the syllables Pegrum a harsh morsel, spoke of the colonel, as they might of any stranger, as Don Fulano—as we should say, "John Smith." It grew to be a nickname, and finally Pegrum, taking his donship as a title of honor, had procured an act of the legislature dubbing him formally Don Fulano Pegrum. From him our quartz cavern had taken its name.

I told Gerrian that I owned one-quarter of the Don Fulano mine.

"Then you're jess one-quarter richer'n ef you owned half, and jess three-quarters richer'n ef you owned the hull kit and boodle of it."

"You are right," said I. I knew it by bitter heart.

"Well, stranger, less see ef we can't banter fur a trade. I've got a hoss that ken kill ayry man. That's so; ain't it?"

"You say so."

"You've got a mine that'll break ayry man, short pocket or long pocket. That's so; ain't it?"

"No doubt of that."

"Well, now; my curwolyow's got grit into him, and so's that thar pile er quartz er yourn got gold into it. But you can't git the slugs out er your mineral, and I can get the kicks a blasted sight thicker'n anything softer out er my animal. Here's horse agin mine—which'd yer rether hev, allowin 't was toss up and win."

"Horse!" said I. "I don't know how bad he is, and do know that the mine is worse than nothing to me."

"Looker here, stranger! You're goan home across lots. You want a horse. I'm goan to stop here. I'd jess as hves gamble off a hundred or two head o' bullocks on that Foolonner mine. You can't find ayry man round here to buy out your interest in that thar heap er stun an the hole it cum out of. It'll cost you more'n the hul's wuth ef you go down to San Frisco and wait tell some fool comes along what's got gold he wants to buy quartz with. Take time now, I'm goan to make yer a fair banter."

"Well make it."

"I stump you to a clean swap. My hoss agin your mine."

"Done," said I.

"I allowed you'd do it. This here is one er them swaps when both sides gits stuck. I git the Foolonner mine, what I can't make go, and you'll be a fool on a critter what'll go a heap more'n you'll want. Haw! haw!"

And Gerrian laughed a Pike's laugh at his pun. It was a laugh that had been stunted in its childhood by the fever and ague, and so had grown up husk without heart.

"Have the black caught," said I, "and we'll clinch the bargain at once."

There was a Mexican vaquero slouching about. Gerrian called to him.

"Oh, Hozay! kesty Sayaw cumprader curwolyow nigereeto. Wamos addelanty! Corral curwolyose toethoso!"

Pike Spanish that! If the Mexicans choose to understand it, why should Pikes study Castilian?

The bukkarer, as Gerrian's Spanish entitled Hozay, comprehended enough of the order to know that he was to drive up the horses. He gave me a Mexican's sulky stare, muttered a caramba at my rashness, and lounged off, first taking a lasso from its peg in the court.

"Come in, stranger," said Gerrian, "before we start, and take a drink of some of this here Mission Dolorous wine."

"How does that go down?" said he, pouring out golden juices into a cracked tumbler.

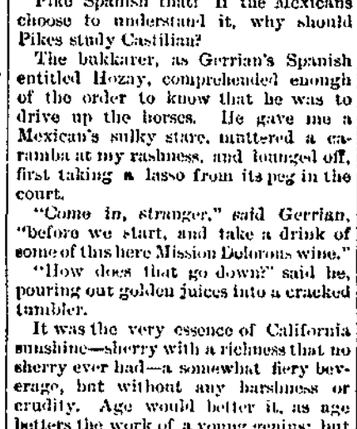
It was the very essence of California sunshine—sherry with a richness that no sherry ever had—a somewhat fiery beverage, but without any harshness or crudity. Age would better it, as age betters the work of a young genius; but still there is something in the youth we would not willingly resign.

"Very fine," said I; "it is romantic old Spain, with ardent young America interfused."

"Some likes it," says Gerrian; "but taint like good old Argee to me. I can't git nothin as sweet as the taste of yaller corn into sperit. But I reckon thar ken be stuff made ont er grapes what'll make all owdoors stan round. This yer wuz made by the priests. What ken you spect of priests? They ain't more'n half men nohow. I'm goan to plant a wineyard er my own, and 'fore you cum out to buy another quartz mine, I'll hev some of ther strychnine what'll wax Burbon county 's much 's our inyons here ken wax them low lived mellers what they grow to old Pike."

CHAPTER II.

DON FULANO.



As he rode he whirled his lasso.

After hobnobbing with cracked tumblers of the Mission Dolores wine, Gerrian and I mounted our mustangs and rode toward the corral.

As we rode on, our ponies half hidden in the dry, rustling grass of a hollow, a tramp of hoofs came to us with the wind—a thrilling sound! with something free and vigorous in it that the charge of trained squadrons never has.

"Thar they come!" cried Gerrian, "thar's a rigiment wuth seeing. They can't show you a sight like that to the old states."

"No indeed. The best thing to be hoped there in the way of stampede is when a horse kicks through a dashboard, kills a coachman, shatters a carriage, dissipates a load of women and children, and goes tearing down a turnpike, with 'sold to an omnibus' awaiting him at the end of his runaway!"

We halted to pass the coming army of riderless steeds in review.

There they came! Gerrian's whole band of horses in full career! First, their heads suddenly lifted above a crest of the prairie; then they burst over, like the foam and spray of a black, stormy wave when a blast strikes it, and wildly swept by us with manes and tails flaring in the wind. It was magnificent. My heart of a horseman leaped in my breast. "Hurrah!" I cried.

"Hurrah! 't is!" said Gerrian.

The herd dashed by in a huddle, making for the corral.

Just behind, aloof from the rush and scamper of his less noble brethren, came the black, my purchase, my old friend.

"Ef you ever ride or back that curwolyow," says Gerrian, "I'll eat a six shooter, loaded and capped."

"You'd better begin then at once," rejoined I, "whetting your teeth on Derringers. I mean to ride him, and you shall be by when I do it."

It was grand to see a horse that understood and respected himself so perfectly. One, too, that meant the world should know that he was the very chiefest chief of his race, proud with the blood of a thousand kings. How masterly he looked! How untamably he stepped! The herd was galloping furiously. He disdained to break into a gallop. He trotted after, a hundred feet behind the hindmost, with large and liberal action. And even at this half speed easily overtaking his slower comrades, he from time to time paused, bounded in the air, tossed his head, flung out his legs and then strode on again, writhing all over with suppressed power.

There was not a white spot upon him, except where a flake of foam from his indignant nostril had caught upon his flank. A thoroughbred horse, with the perfect tail and silky mane of a noble race. His coat glistened, as if the best groom in England had just given him the final touches of his toilet for a canter in Rotten Row. But it seems a sin to compare such a free rover of the prairie with any less favored brother, who needs a groom and has felt a currycomb.

Hard after the riderless horses came Jose, the vaquero, on a fast mustang. As he rode he whirled his lasso with easy turn of the wrist.

The black, trotting still and halting still to curvet and caracole, turned back his head contemptuously at his pursuer.

Jose took the hint. He dug cruel spurs into his horse. The mustang leaped forward. The black gave a tearing bound and quickened his pace, but still waited the will of his pursuer.

They were just upon us, chased and chaser, thundering down the slope, when the vaquero, checking his wrist at the turn, flung his lasso straight as an arrow for the black's head.

I could hear the hide rope sing through the summer air, for a moment breezeless.

Will he be taken! Will horse or man be victor!

The loop of the lasso opened like a hoop. It hung poised for one instant a few feet before the horse's head, vibrating in the air, keeping it's circle perfect, waiting for the vaquero's pull to tighten about that proud neck and those swelling shoulders.

Hurrah?

Through it went the black.

With one brave bound he dashed through the open loop. He touched only to spurn its vain assault with his hindmost hoof.

"Hurrah!" I cried.

"Hurrah! 't is," shouted Gerrian.

Jose dragged in his spurned lasso.

The black, with elated head, and tail waving like a banner, sprang forward, closed in with the caballada; they parted for his passage, he took his leadership, and presently was lost with his suite over the swells of the prairie.

"Macho malichol" cried Gerrian to Jose, not knowing that his California Spanish was interpreting Hamlet. "He ought to hev drav 'em straight to corral. But I don't feel so sharp set on lettin yer hev that black after that shine. Reg'lar circus, only thar never was no sich seen in no circus! You'll never ride him, allowin he's cotched, no more'n you'll ride a alligator."

Meantime, loping on, we had come in sight of the corral. There, to our great surprise, the whole band of horses had voluntarily entered. They were putting their heads together as the manner of social horses is and going through kissing manœuvers in little knots, which presently were broken up by the heels of some ill mannered or jealous brother. They were very probably discussing the black's act of horsemanship, as men after the ballet discuss the first entrechat of the danseuse.

We rode up and fastened our horses. The black was within the corral pawing the ground, neighing and whinnying. His companions kept at a respectful distance.

"Don't send in Jose!" said I to Gerrian. "Only let him keep off the horses, so that I shall not be kicked, and I will try my hand at the black alone."

"I'll hev 'em all turned out except that black devil, and then you ken go in and take your own resk with him. Akkee Jose!" continued the ranchero, "twarer toethose! Dayher hel diablo!"

Jose drove the herd out of the staked inclosure. The black showed no special disposition to follow. He trotted about at his ease snuffing at the stakes and bars.

I entered alone. Presently he began to repeat the scene of our first meeting on the prairie. It was not many minutes before we were good friends. He would bear my caresses and my arm about his neck and that was all for an hour. At last, after a good hour's work, I persuaded him to accept a halter. Then by gentle seductions I induced him to start and accompany me homeward.

Gerrian and the Mexican looked on in great wonderment.

"Praps that is the best way," said the modern patriarch, "ef a man has got patience. Looker here, stranger, ain't you a terrible fellow among women?"

I confessed my want of experience.

"Well, you will be when your time comes. I allowed from seeing you handle that thar hoss that you had got your hand in on women—they is the wust devils to tame I ever seed."

I had made my arrangements to start about the first of September with the Sacramento mail riders, a brace of jolly dogs, brave fellows, who, with their scalps as well secured as might be, ran the gantlet every alternate month to Salt Lake. That was long before the days of coaches. No pony express was dreamed of. A trip across the plains without escort or caravan had still some elements of heroism, if it have not today.

Meantime one of my ardent partners from San Francisco arrived to take my place at the mine.

"I don't think that quartz looks quite so goldy as it did at a distance," said he.

"Well," said old Gerrian, who had come over to take possession of his share of our bargain; "it is whiter'n it's yaller. It does look about as bad off fur slugs as the cellar of an Indiana bank. But I b'leeve in luck, and luck is olluz comin at me with its head down and both eyes shet. I'm goan to shove bullocks down this here hole, or the price of bullocks, until I make it pay."

My wooing of the black occupied all my leisure during my last few days. Every day a circle of Pikes collected to see my management. I hope they took lessons in the law of kindness. The horse was well known throughout the country, and my bargain with Gerrian was noised abroad.

The black would tolerate no one but me. With me he established as close a brotherhood as can be between man and beast. He gave me to understand, by playful protest, that it was only by his good pleasure that I was permitted on his back and that he endured saddle and bridle; as to spur and whip, they were not thought of by either. He did not obey, but consented. I exercised no control. We were of one mind. We became a Centaur. I loved that horse as I have loved nothing else yet, except the other personages with whom and for whom he acted in this history.

I named him Don Fulano.

I had put my mine into him. He represented to me the whole visible, tangible result of two long, workaday years, dragged out in that dreary spot among the Pikes, with nothing in view except barren hillsides ravaged by mines, and the unbeautiful shanties of miners as rough as the landscape.

Don Fulano, a horse that would not sell, was my profit for the sternest and roughest work of my life! I looked at him and looked at the mine, that pile of pretty pebbles, that pile of bogus ore, and I did not regret my bargain. I never have regretted it. "My kingdom for a horse"—so much of a kingdom as I had, I had given.

CHAPTER III.

JOHN BRENT.

I sat where I was and surveyed the stranger.

I had several days for preparation, until my companions, the mail riders, should arrive. One morning I was busy making up my packs of such luxuries as I have mentioned for the journey, when I heard the clatter of horses' feet, and observed a stranger approach and ride up to the door of my shanty. He was mounted upon a powerful iron gray horse, and drove a pack mule and an Indian pony.

My name was on an elaborately painted shingle over the door. It was my own handiwork, and quite a lion in that region. I felt whenever I inspected that bit of high art that, fail or win at the mine, I had a resource. Indeed, my Pike neighbors seemed to consider that I was unjustifiably burying my artistic talents. Many a not unseemly octagonal slug, with Moffatt & Co.'s imprimatur of value, had been offered me if I would paint up some miner's hell, as "The True Paradise," or "The Shades and Caffy de Paris."

The newcomer read my autograph on the shingle, looked about, caught sight of me at work in the hot shade, dismounted, fastened his horses and came toward me. It was not the fashion in California at that time to volunteer civility or acquaintance. Men had to announce themselves and prove their claims. I sat where I was and surveyed the stranger.

"The Adonis of the copperskins!" I said to myself. "This is the 'Young Eagle,' or the 'Sucking Dove,' or the 'Maiden's Bane,' or some other great chief of the cleanest Indian tribe on the continent. A beautiful youth! O Fenimore, why are you dead? There are a dozen romances in one look of that young brave. One chapter might be written on his fringed buckskin shirt; one on his equally fringed leggings, with their stripe of porcupine quills, and one short chapter on his moccasins, with their scarlet cloth instep piece, and his cap of otter fur decked with an eagle's feather. What a poem the fellow is! I wish I was an Indian myself for such a companion; or, better, a squaw, to be made love to by him."

As he approached, I perceived that he was not copper, but bronze. A paleface certainly. That is, a pale face tinged by the brazen sun of a California summer. Not less handsome, however, as a Saxon, than an Indian brave. As soon as I identified him as one of my own race, I began to fancy I had seen him before.

If he were but shaved and clipped, black coated, booted, gloved, hatted with a shiny cylinder, disarmed of his dangerous looking arsenal, and armed with a plaything of a cane—in short, if he were metamorphosed from a knight errant into a carpet knight, changed from a smooth rough into a smooth smooth—seems to me I should know him, or know that I had known him once.

He came up, laid his hand familiarly on my arm, and said: "What, Wade! Don't you remember me? John Brent."

"I hear your voice. I begin to see you now. Hurrah!"

"How was it I did not recognize you?" said I, after a fraternal greeting.

"Ten years have presented me with this for a disguise," said he, giving his mustache a twirl. "Ten years of experience have taken all the girl out of me."

"What have you been doing these ten years since college, O many sided man?"

"Grinding my sides against the adamant, every one."

"Has your diamond begun to see light and shine?"

"The polishing dust dims it still."

"How have you found life, kind or cruel?"

"Certainly not kind, hardly cruel, unless indifference is cruelty."

"But indifference, want of sympathy, must have been a positive relief after the aggressive cruelty of your younger days."

"And what have you been doing, Richard?"

"Everything that Yankees do—digging last."

Odd talk this may seem, to hold with an old friend. Ten years apart! We ought to have met in merrier mood. We might, if we had parted with happy memories. But it was not so. Youth had been a harsh season to Brent. If fate destines a man to teach, she compels him to learn—bitter lessons, too, whether he will or no. Brent was a man of genius. All experience, therefore, piled itself upon him. He must learn the immortal consolations by probing all suffering himself.

Brent's story is a short one or a long one. It can be told in a page, or in a score of volumes. We had met fourteen years before in the same pew of Berkeley College chapel, grammars by our side and tutors before us, two well crammed candidates for the freshman class. Brent was a delicate, beautiful, dreamy boy. My counterpart. I was plain prose, and needed the poetic element. We became friends. I was steady; he was erratic. I was calm; he was passionate. I was reasonably happy; he was totally miserable. For good cause.

The cause was this; and it has broken weaker hearts than Brent's. His heart was made of stuff that does not know how to break.

Dr. Swerger was the cause of Brent's misery. The Reverend Dr. Swerger was a brutal man. One who believes that God is vengeance naturally imitates his God, and does not better his model.

Swerger was Brent's stepfather. Mrs. Brent was pretty, silly, rich, and a widow. Swerger wanted his wife pretty, and not too wise; and that she was rich balanced, perhaps a little more than balanced, the slight objection of widowhood.

Swerger naturally hated his stepson. One intuition of Brent's was worth all the thoughts of Swerger's lifetime. A clergyman who starts with believing in hell, devils, original sin and such crudities can never be anything in the Nineteenth century but a tyrant or a nuisance, if he has any logic, as fortunately few of such misbelievers have. Swerger had logic. So had the boy Brent—the logic of a true, pure, loving heart. He could not stand Swerger's coming into his dead father's house and deluding his mother with a black fanaticism.

So Swerger gave him to understand that he was a child of hell. He won his wife to shrink from her son. Between them they lacerated the boy. He was a brilliant fellow, quite the king of us all. But he worked under a cloud. He could not get at any better religion than Swerger's; and perhaps there was none better—or much better—to be had at that time.

One day matters came to a quarrel. Swerger cursed his stepson; of course not in the same terms the sailors used on Long wharf, but with no better spirit. The mother, cowed by her husband, backed him and abandoned the boy. They drove him out of the house, to go where he would. He came to me. I gave him half my quarters and tried to cheer him. No use. This bitter wrong to his love to God and to man almost crushed him. He brooded and despaired. He began to fancy himself the lost soul Swerger had called him. I saw that he would die or go mad; or, if he had strength enough to react, it would be toward a hapless rebellion against conventional laws, and so make his blight ruin.

I hurried him off to Europe for change of scene. That was ten years ago and I had not seen him since. I know, however, that his mother was visited by compunctions; that she wished to be reconciled to her son; that Swerger refused and renewed his anathemas; that he bullied the poor little woman to death; that Brent had to wring the property out of him by a long lawsuit, which the Swergerites considered an unconstitutional and devilish proceeding, another proof of total depravity. Miserable business! It went near to crush all the innocence, faith, hope and religion out of my friend's life.

Of course this experience had a tendency to drive Brent out of the common paths, to make him a seer instead of a doer. His fortune made him independent. He could go where he pleased.

This was the man who rode upon the iron gray horse. This was the Indianesque Saxon who greeted me. It put color and poetry into my sulky life to see him.

"Off, old fellow!" said Brent, pointing his whip at my traps. "I can't hear him squeak, but I'm sure there is pig in that gunny bag and flour in that sack. I hope you're not away for a long trip just as I have come to squat with you."

"No longer than home across the plains."

"Bravo! then we'll ride together instead of squatting together. Instead of your teaching me quartz mining I'll guide you across the Rockies."

"You know the way then."

"Every foot of it. Last fall I hunted up from Mexico and New Mexico with an English friend. We made winter headquarters with Captain Ruby at Fort Laramie, knocking about all winter in that neighborhood and at the north among the Wind River mountains. Early in the spring we went off toward Laggernel alley and the Laggernel springs and camped there for a month."

"Laggernel alley! Laggernel springs! Those are new names to me; in fact, my Rocky mountain geography is naught."

"You ought to see them. Laggernel alley is one of the wonders of this continent."

"Who was your English friend?"

"Sir Biron Biddulph—a capital fellow, pink in the cheeks, warm in the heart, strong in the shanks, mighty on the hunt."

"Hunting for love of it?"

"No; for love itself, or rather the lack of love. A lovely lady in his native Lancashire would not smile; so he turned butcher of buffaloes, bears and big horn."

"Named he the 'fair but frozen maid?'"

"Never. It seems there is something hapless or tragic about her destiny. She did not love him; so he came away to forget her. He made no secret of it. We arrived in Utah last July on our way to see California. There he got letters from home, announcing, as he told me, some coming misfortune to the lady. As a friend, no longer a lover, he proposed to do what he could to avert the danger. I left him in Salt Lake, preparing to return, and came across country alone."

"Alone! through the Indian country, with that tempting iron gray, those tempting packs, that tempting scalp with its love locks! Why, the sight of your scalp alone would send a thrill through every Indian heart from Bear river to the Dalles of the Columbia! Perhaps, by the way, you've been scalped already and are safe?"

"No; the mop's my own mop. Scalp's all right. Wish I could say the same of the brains. The Indians would not touch me. I am half savage, you know. In this and my former trip, I have become a privileged character—something of a medicine man."

"I suppose you can talk to them? You used to have the gift of tongues. By the way, how did you find me out?"

"I heard some Pikes, at a camp last night, talking of a person who had sold a quartz mine for a wonderful horse. I asked the name. They told me yours, and directed me here. Except for this talk, I should have gone down to San Francisco and missed you."

"Lucky horse! He brings old friends together—a good omen! Come and see him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lucky Forgetfulness.

The doctrine of a "soul of goodness in things evil" has many and varied manifestations. Even a treacherous memory has been known to serve its unhappy possessor an excellent turn. Here is an anecdote of a friend who many years ago traveled through Colorado and the adjoining country as salesman for a hardware house. In many of the newer mining towns the hotels were rough seeming places, and were haunted by swaggering visitors who caroused till midnight.

At one time when Billings had collected a considerable sum of money he put up at a hotel, the proprietor of which was a thoroughly dangerous looking customer. It would be folly, Billings thought, to trust such a man with valuables, and he determined to keep his purse under his pillow.

Many men who looked like desperadoes were about the place, and the guest was really in fear of his life. Yet there was nothing to do but to make the best of things, and accordingly he retired to his room, after instructing the hotel keeper to call him at 4 o'clock.

When he was called in the morning and found that he had not been murdered, he smiled at his fears of the night before, hastily dressed and was soon on his way to the station. As he was hurrying along through the semidarkness two men suddenly jumped upon him and threw him to the ground.

He fought with all his might, till a six-shooter was placed at his head. Then he yielded. The robbers went through his pockets quickly, seized his watch, his revolver and his satchel and made off.

It was useless to follow them, and he kept on to the railway station. He informed the station master of what had occurred, and at the next town, twenty miles away, sought out the sheriff and put him on the track of the thieves.

The watch and papers were of comparatively little value. What he cared most about was the loss of the money. What a pleasure it would be to see that hotel keeper, who he felt sure was at the bottom of the affair, safely behind the bars!

But just as the officers of the law were about setting forth in pursuit of the thieves Billings received a telegram from the station agent. It read thus:

"I have recovered your grip and many papers found near where the robbery was committed. I have also your pocketbook containing nearly $300, which was handed me by the landlord of the hotel. You left it under your pillow. Will send all by next train."—Chicago Herald.

The Faithful Sisters.

She—I—I think I like you, Mr. Trotter, but I cannot marry and leave my twin sister alone. Wait until she is engaged.

He—Yes—but—er—that's just what she said when I proposed to her.—Life.

The Maiden's Choice.

"I can assure you that I am a bachelor from choice."

"So I supposed; but whose choice?"—Life.

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Have, for the last few weeks, been giving on all sales of $1.00 or over, except on S. O. & Co.'s overalls and sack coats.

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MARION WEEKLY STAR

Price, $1 50 Per Year, in Advance.

BY W. C. HARDING

SATURDAY, - JANUARY 30

We begin a new continued story, "John Brent," in this issue Read the opening chapters.

FINDLAY ought not to waste her busy efforts to impress congress of her need of a public building until after the campaign. That famous Boozier, Mr Holman, is guarding the treasury, and no Ohio cities stand a ghost of a show for a public building

A new and highly interesting story, "John Brent," is begun in this issue of the STAR and will be continued from Saturday to Saturday. The reader will find it full of interesting experiences and entertaining characters. Read the opening chapters in this issue

THE talk of redistricting of the state judicially; or rather, injudicially but as to judicial districts, is not likely to amount to a good deal. Though the Republicans have the necessary majority in the legislature, there are Republican members who are opposed to too much political monkeying with the courts and their surroundings. There is rather too much politics in courts already

THE little political prejudices of American citizens ought not appear in their criticisms of United States officers or representatives in an international affair like the Chilean trouble. There ought to be too much patriotism for that. It is a mighty narrow minded Democratic paper that expresses its dislike for Minister Egan because he happens to be an Irish Republican just at this time.

WHILE there is nothing especial urged against President Harrison, it is very manifest that he is second choice of Ohio Republicans, and Mr. Blaine absolutely refuses to accept a nomination. It is Blaine, the great and magnetic Blaine, whom the Republican masses wish to shout and vote for in November next. No power on earth, save that great man himself, can prevent his nomination.

CINCINNATI'S charity ball, about which we had opportunity to read so much, netted nearly ten thousand dollars. But the papers do not say what it cost the participants. A cool hundred thousand wouldn't approximate the cost of the affair, when the glitter of style was considered. The trouble in this country, and all others for that matter, is that charity is costly in the ostentation of giving

THOUGH members of the legislature are not always the most reliable beings—especially in a senatorial contest—their preferences for presidential candidates pretty clearly indicate the drift of popular sentiment. A recent canvass of the legislature showed twenty-two Democrats for Hill to eight for Cleveland, while the Republican members interviewed were forty-three for Blaine to sixteen for Harrison.

THE era of spring politics is not far off. The Kangaroo ballot law trots out the spring candidate at least twelve days before election, which is about ten days earlier than formerly Marion's election this spring is confined to councilmen, but there will be twelve days of interesting sizing up of the aspirants to statesmanship, and then watch that Kangaroo. There won't be the solid party lines that have formerly exhisted.

PROSPECT'S two newspapers, the Monitor and Advance, have been consolidated, Editor Pettit, of the Advance, becoming sole owner Prospect is entirely too small a place to support two newspapers and the consolidation is a wise move. The former publishers of the Monitor will run a job office, which has an assured business in contracts with the Watkins advertising agency, and the business that the consolidated papers can command ought to assist Mr. Pettit in giving Prospect a good local paper that will be a credit to the hustling little city.

CHILI has come down, away down, as nearly everybody expected. All that was needed was the firm demand. The South American bull dozers seemed to entertain the idea that Uncle Sam wouldn't get down to real business.

President Harrison's message, in laying the matter before congress, is highly patriotic, is without jingoism, and is highly interesting reading. It relates the story of the Chilian affair in the class of language for which President Harrison is famous, and those who read can hardly fail to have their pride arise when he insists that an attack on the uniforms of American sailors is no less than an attack upon our flag

But there will be no war. With Chili's withdrawal of the offensive Matta circular and her agreement to make reparation for the attack on the sailors, there will doubtless be peace, and diplomatic relations will be continued. Minister Egan is very firmly sustained by President Harrison.

THE most penetrating criticism of Bob Ingersoll that has come under our notice is by Rev. Thomas Dixon, of the Baptist church. Rev. Dixon thinks Ingersoll's eloquence and ridicule "have done much to stab hundreds of superstitions that were no part of vital christianity, and he has done much to rid the world of shams, lies, humbugs and pretenses that never belonged to orthodox truth." But Dr. Dixon's cutting tribute was made when he said: "If God could choose Balaam's ass to speak a divine message I do not see why he could not utilize Col. Ingersoll."

IF it is true, as the World and Enquirer have published, that Mr. Cleveland will not be a presidential candidate, then Ohio Democrats will be for Hill with a large keg of enthusiasm. Mr. Hill is greatly admired as a politician for the deeds he has done. But we doubt Mr. Cleveland's intention to withdraw At any rate he would not refuse if the Democracy calls him to head the national ticket. If he is to withdraw, it is because the powers that seem to control things are against him. Mr. Hill has the machine, and everything else in New York. He played horse with the Republicans there until they are nearly crazy.

THE movement of Representative Workman, of Hardin county, to revise the school laws, will receive the most hearty commendation of all well-informed educators. Mr. Workman's first step is to get township boards, with one representative from each subdistrict, and that step will be followed by a county superintendent. Much can be accomplished by systematizing the country schools. In many sub districts the members of school boards have neither qualification or interest in the work, and there are teachers employed who get their places because of the niggardly salary they accept, and then draw times what they are worth. The statement seems paradoxical, but it is true.

A Great Offer for the Ladies.

Common sense and good judgment are the qualities for which our American ladies are noted. When they find any article which will add to the comfort of their homes or to their personal appearance they speedily adopt it, being quick to discover the superiority of the new over the old. It is to this trait that the firm of A. McDowell & Company owes the wonderful success of their French Fashion Journals among American women. Whenever these Journals are critically examined their superior merit is at once recognized. They do not only give the styles one month earlier than the American Fashion Journals, but the variety, originality, and practicability of those styles lift them so far above all others, that they are now recognized as the standards of fashion for this country, as they have long been in France. It is desirable to hand in your subscriptions through local news dealers, but if any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the Journals, send direct to A. McDowell & Company, 4 West 14th street, New York.

A Beautiful Light.

If you are ever out by the Steam Shovel works between five and six o'clock stop a moment and witness a sight that must in a manner resemble the great volcano, Vesuvius. The scene is the sparks and fire that leap from the cupola in the furnace of the foundry, and it is most wonderful to behold tongues of flame leaping heavenward and sparks like shooting stars fall in a thousand directions. At this time the moulten metal is being taken from the great cupolo and as it comes sissing and hissing out it causes the sparks and flames to shoot out as above described

Inside of the foundry everything is bustle and to one who has never witnessed the moulders as they take the metal from the cupola the inside view is also wonderful The liquid iron running like a stream of lava into large basins, and all that goes to make up the common labor in a foundry of this kind makes up a scene that would baffle the most renowned artists.

The Boston People "Are In It."

About 7:30 Monday evening two big loads of happy people could be seen wending their way from the Boston store. It was none other than the Boston salespeople and a few invited friends. Their destination was Woodland, which they reached at 10 o'clock. Immediately every door of Mr. M. L. Hazen's fine large dwelling was attacked and in short order the house was in the hands of the Marion people and perhaps they didn't "have a time." During the evening Mr. and Mrs Hazen seated the party to a bountifully prepared spread which was the "hit of the evening," so far as the hungry people were concerned, at least. The party left for Marion about 3 a. m. and arrived home at—well, we won't say whom. All speak in the highest terms of Mr and Mrs. Hazen, who did all in their power to make it pleasant for all.

Light Listen to This.

(Upper Sandusky Chief.)

Silas S. Deboit, residing north of this city, anticipates engaging in a new industry in connection with his present occupation as a farmer. He does considerable business as a furrier, and he is now preparing to raise skunks on a large scale for the benefit of their furs, which are in a profitable demand. Mr. Deboit will keep the animals confined in plots of ground fenced in with wire netting. We hope he will be successful, and that congress will put a tariff on skunks to protect the infant industry.

RELIEF OF THE SOLDIER POOR

Annual Report of the Marion Woman's Relief Corps for 1891.

The report of Cooper Corps for the year ending Dec 31st, 1891, is as follows:

Cooper Corps has a membership of 77 members. Twenty-three regular and six called meetings have been held during the past year, and the interest in the work increases in a praise worthy manner. One of the most notable events in connection with the corps work was the district convention held Oct. 15 This occasion was the uniting of different corps in the state to plan and mark out ways by which the work of relieving the soldiers' poor would be strengthened and encouraged.

Two children of this place have been sent to the Xenia home and are receiving kind attention. From the generous public, liberal donations of groceries and clothing have been received and great good has been accomplished in the distribution of the same.

During 1891, for over forty different soldiers' families in Marion, the amount expended in cash for relief	$122 75
Christmas baskets given out	22 61
Furnishing for W. R. C. home at Madison, O.	7 00
Total cash for relief	$152 35
Given out to soldiers' families, clothing and groceries from donations on hand to value	$50.73
One barrel of fruit, sent to W. R. C Home at Madison	15 00
Donation to Xenia home	3 85
Thirty baskets given out after election dinner	21 00
Value of donations given out	$93 58
Cash for relief	152.35
Am't total for relief	$245 90
Bal. on hand Jan. 1st, 1891	$ 60 75
Rec'd from all sources during year,	245.16
Total	$306 91
Expenses	124.82
Remainder	$183 09
Cash expended for relief	152 35
Remainder	$ 30 74
Deposited in Bld Ass'n	10 00
Bal on hand to date	$20 74

NELLIE HABERMAN, Treas
CARRIE WISNER, Sec'y.

List of Jurors.

Below is the list of grand and petit jurors drawn for the February term of court, 1892:

Grand Jurors.

C. F. Miller—Montgomery.
P. B. Williams—Claridon.
J. R. Harshberger—Third Ward.
John Howser—Claridon.
John Sappington—Big Island.
Christian Martin—Third Ward.
Christian Knickle—Waldo.
Oscar Travis—Third Ward.
S. S. Sprague—Montgomery.
Daniel Nagle—Second Ward
Wm. Almendinger—Prospect.
S. B. Creasap—Salt Rock.
Jacob Klingle—Richland.
R. J. Monroe—Fourth Ward.
Geo H. May—Fourth Ward.

Petit Jurors.

P. E. Guthery—Bowling Green.
N. T. Prettyman—Montgomery.
John Tallon—First Ward.
S. S. Bibler—Grand Prairie.
Jas W. Redding—Big Island.
J. A. Knapp—Fourth Ward.
J. G. Gompf—Richland.
Henry Stratton—Prospect.
Edward Fields—Claridon.
A. C. Brown—Montgomery.
G W. Bibler—Tully.
A. L. Clark—First Ward.
Chas. Clixby—Grand.
S. F. Rosencrans—Scott.
Samuel Smeltzer—Marion.
Geo. W. Merritt—Marion.
Jesse Johnston—Green Camp.
Chas. VanHouten—Pleasant.

A Pleasant Surprise.

On the evening of the 25th of January, the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Klinefelter was the scene of a very pleasant occasion. While Mr. and Mrs. Kleinfelter were at church guests to the number of about fifty called to spend the evening and also brought with them well filled baskets. A most delightful table was spread, which was enjoyed by all present. The evening was spent in social games. One of the most pleasant features of the occasion was the presentation of a beautiful rocking chair, which was very highly appreciated. The guests departed to their different homes in the wee hours of the night feeling that their coming together had not been in vain. FARO.

In His Eightieth Year.

Joseph Sosey died at his home on South street Saturday morning at 3:30 o'clock, the result of sickness of a long duration. He was 79 years of age last October, and was one of the very old residents of Marion, coming to this city in 1835, and has since held a continuous residence here. He was a tinner by occupation, and the oldest journeyman tinner in the city. He had many friends who speak of him with the greatest respect.

Deceased was the father of ten children, six of whom, with a wife, survive to mourn his death. The funeral services were held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, at the late residence.

To Relieve Its Misery.

In some manner a horse belonging to J G. Wieland broke its leg during Sunday night, while standing in a stall in his livery barn. The horse was in much misery and there was no way of removing the animal but to kill it. Dr. Berry was sent for and it was decided to put the brute to death by chloroform, and just nineteen minutes after the drug was first administered to the animal it was pronounced dead.

The animal was a rather valuable livery horse and is quite a loss to Mr. Wieland. There is no clue to how the accident could have happened, as there were no cuts or bruises on its leg.

LOVED A MURDERER'S WIDOW

A Mt. Victory Young Man Prefers Death to Blighted Affections.

Mt Victory, the little Hardin county village west of here, furnishes a sensational suicide attempt. Ed. Wagner, a well-known young man of that place Tuesday evening at 5 o'clock attempted to kill himself by shooting. Young Wagner is the son of John Wagner, said to be one of the wealthiest of Hardin county citizens.

The young man has been paying attention to Mrs. Argo, whose husband killed a Union county woman several years ago and tried to hide the body in Bokes creek. Since that time Mrs. Argo has been working as a domestic in Mt. Victory, and Wagner's attentions were received very favorably from all appearances. His relatives strongly objected and kept up a constant warfare on the young man, which finally caused him to abandon the woman, but after several months' time he returned to his first love. After they convinced him he would be disinherited if he persisted, Wagner saw the woman Tuesday and bid her good-by. Filling himself with liquor he took a revolver which contained but one load and went into the woodshed and fired the load into his right temple. The doctors have not been able to locate the ball and he is not expected to live.

OBITUARY

BROWNLEE—She was born in Washington county, Penn, Jan 2, 1808, and died at the home of Mrs. Matthew McKinstry in Tully township, Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 5:20 p. m., aged 83 years and 18 days.

Mrs. Mariah Brownlee was married to James Brownlee Feb. 5th, 1846, living a happy married life until his death, which occurred Aug. 24th, 1872. Deceased was a faithful member of the Presbyterian church from her youth. On Wednesday, the 6th, she was stricken down by that dreaded disease, pleuro pneumonia, from which she died at the time stated above. The funeral was held at the house where an appropriate sermon was preached by the pastor of the church, Rev. Roberison. The text was taken from the 23d psalms, after which the remains were followed by a large cortege of relations and friends to Iberia, where they were interred in the beautiful cemetery, to await the resurrection morn.

Married at Vermillion.

The marriage of Will T. Smith and Miss Laura Green occurred at Vermillion, Ohio, Wednesday, Jan. 20th. The bride is well known here, having been connected with the millinery house of Edith Green, while Mr. Smith, the groom, is of the Smith Mattress company of this city, and is widely known. The happy couple are now visiting acquaintances throughout the state and will arrive here the latter part of the week and will make this their home Mr. and Mrs. Smith have the well wishes and congratulations of innumerable friends.

Death at Owen.

Mrs. M. J. LaFever died at Owen Tuesday at 6 o'clock, at the age of 51 years, after a severe suffering for the past five months with consumption She had not been well, however, for years past. Deceased formerly resided in this city and removed with her family to Owen about ten years ago. She was a member of the Baptist church and a christian lady. A husband and four sons survive her.

Funeral services occurred Wednesday afternoon, and burial took place in the Fish cemetery.

A Merry Party.

Nearly a hundred guests enjoyed the hospitalities of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Falk, four miles south of Marion, Tuesday night, many of them from this city. It was an event of pleasure and enjoyment long to be remembered. The evening was whiled away in all kinds of amusements including the dances, and a supper, such as only can be served at a country home, delighted the guests It was during the earlier hours of the morning when the merry party dispersed for their homes

Married.

THIBAUT—GOODING—At the home of Mrs Oscar Gompf, Mr. J. P Thibaut and Miss Annadelle Gooding were united in marriage Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.

The ceremony was performed in the midst of the nearest relatives and friends by A. L. Nicklas, pastor of Emanual's Evangelical Lutheran church.

Mr. and Mrs. Thibaut left on the noon train for Detroit, where they expect to spend several days among relatives and friends

Of Course It Was.

Tom—Did you ever hear Smith tell about that trout he caught last summer?

Jack—No, but it must have been a big one

Tom—A big fish?

Jack—No, a big lie.—Yankee Blade

The Redeeming Feature.

"Of course," said the critic, "I have taken the worst side in criticising your poems. But they have, nevertheless, their good side too"

"And that is"——

"The side of the paper that's not written on."—Fliegende Blatter.

Will H. Smith, Jr., formerly a member of the firm of Turney & Smith, is now with Rowe Bros, jewelers, 103 State street, Chicago, Ills. Mr. Smith is one of that firm's salesmen and engravers.

E. R. Mathias, of New Philadelphia, O., spent the early part of this week at Adelaide. Madame Rumor has it that the attractive fraction of the village was "a faire maide."

Knowledge Under Difficulties.

"Jeptha," said Mrs. Jones, looking up from a book she was reading, "what is a periwinkle?"

"Why, Maria, don't you know," retorted Mr Jones in a cautious way. "I thought everybody knew what a periwinkle was."

"Y-e-s," hesitated Mrs. Jones, "I knew it was some kind of a pollywog."

"Pollywog?" roared Jones: "that's news to me!"

There was a long silence broken only by the striking of the cuckoo clock, and then Mrs. Jones asked humbly:

"Jeptha, what is a periwinkle?"

"Maria, it's a periwinkle," said Jones in a tone that admitted of no dispute "Why do you ask?"

"Because it says in this novel, 'Her eyes were as blue as a periwinkle,' and I wanted to know how blue that was."

Late that night lights flickered in the Jones household, and two seekers after knowledge met face to face in the Jones library.

"I'm looking for a periwinkle," said Mrs. Jones.

"I'm looking for the dictionary," remarked Jeptha.

Mrs. Jones had the book and presently she announced in a tone of triumph:

"Ha! periwinkle!—'a small shellfish.' Didn't know as much as you thought you did, Mr. Jones?"

"So! Her eyes were as blue as a shellfish? Beautiful definition that! Gimme the book, Maria!"

"Take it," said Mrs. Jones nearly flooring him with an embarrassment of riches in the shape of Webster's unabridged.

"H'm! shellfish!—Ah, I knew there must be something else! It's 'a little boat.'"

"Her eyes were as blue as a little boat—there's no sense in that," said Mrs. Jones. "Give me the dictionary."

"I've got it!" she exclaimed, "it's a 'gasteropodous mollusk,' that must be Latin for blue."

"Let me see that book," said Jones, and the dictionary was dropped on him again.

"Maria, you always jump at conclusions. Here you are. 'A flowering plant of the genus Vinca.' The girl's eyes are all right, but why in thunder didn't he say they were china blue or saucer blue or sky blue, and not keep people out of their beds hunting up his fool comparisons?"

"Don't swear, Jeptha," said Mrs. Jones, "if it hadn't been for that we'd never know the color of a periwinkle."

A Mormon March.

Many strange scenes among the Mormons and on the Western plains in the 'Fifties are eloquently depicted in our new Serial,

JOHN BRENT.

It is a story of great originality and remarkable power. Don't miss the first chapter

In This Paper.

It is Illustrated and Copyrighted.

Centennial of the "Marseillaise."

The centennial of the "Marseillaise" will be celebrated on the 25th of next April in the little French town of Choisy-le-Roi, the home for twenty years of Rouget de Lisle, the author of the hymn. On the monument that marks his grave is the inscription, "While the French revolution, in 1792, was fighting kings, he gave her that she might triumph, the Marseillaise hymn."—Harper's Bazar.

DOCTOR BEGGS,

Physician in charge of the ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, of Columbus, Ohio, by request of many friends and patients, has decided to visit

MARION, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

Consultation free and strictly confidential in the private parlors of Hotel Marion from 10 a. m to 5 p. m. One day only!

The Electropathic Treatment for all forms of Female Diseases, and the treatment of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood and Errors of Youth, is recognized to be the most successful method ever discovered. NO FAILURES.

The ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE

32-34-36 WEST GAY STREET, One Square North of State House, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

DR. BEGGS, the Celebrated Examining Physician and late Surgeon in Chief to The Columbus Head, Throat and Lung Institute, Physician in Charge, where all forms of Nervous and Chronic Diseases and Diseases of the Eye and Ear, will be successfully and scientifically treated by and ably assisted by a full corps of Eminent Physicians and Surgeons, each one being a well-known Specialist in his profession.

OUR SYSTEM OF INHALATION.

In the Treatment of our Patients We make use of only Such Methods as Have Been Found Useful in Combatting Disease.

We claim for our system the only means by which Heart and Lung Diseases can be permanently cured—The evidence of which can be furnished upon application at our office

COMPOUND OXYGEN. Electricity, Electric Baths, Massage, Medicated Vapors, Sprays, etc., are used in the treatment of our specialties The System of Inhalation is the only one by which remedies can be brought directly in contact with the diseased lungs, and is, therefore, the only rational method of cure Under this treatment Consumption is perfectly curable and gives to the sick a reasonable chance of recovery Many now sick and despairing of recovery, may yet be saved if they will only give up the folly of trusting in what has always failed, and cease to waste weeks and months of precious time on useless medicines The Compound Oxygen Cure offers immediate relief. We guarantee the truth of this statement. No matter what your condition may be, we repeat, we can give you immediate Relief in any and all diseases of the Head, Throat, Lungs and Heart.

That all sufferers may have an opportunity of testing our Compound Oxygen Cure, we make this proposition for a limited time only. **Our Proposition:** To all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, and Heart Affections—one treatment will be given free of charge Let none neglect this wonderful opportunity of testing nature's own remedy Come before it is too late!

DISEASES OF THE HEART.—Of all the organs in the body liable to disease, the Heart is, perhaps, less amenable to treatment, by the ordinary remedies, than that of any other. Patients afflicted with Heart troubles are told, in a polite way, to prepare for death. Beyond a little medicine prescribed by the stomach, nothing is done They are told to relinquish all active pursuits, avoid excitement, etc., and this is followed by some preparation of digitalis and the patient is turned out without help to die. Such is the routine as followed by the average practitioner What do we offer? We claim that Affections of the Heart, organic or otherwise, are curable, and we have the proof of our claims to substantiate it. We defy any physician to produce a single case of Organic Heart Disease cured by the exhibition of remedies by the stomach We will show you a record of 75 per cent. of cures by the Compound Oxygen Treatment and Electricity Furthermore, we will wager $1000 that we can relieve the worst case at one sitting. Can we add more?

CONSUMPTION.—That dreaded disease which claims one-third of our population as its victims positively cured in the first and second stages of the disease, and relief afforded and Life prolonged in any stage.

CATARRH, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.—These are among the first and earliest symptoms of Consumption, and ultimately leads to fatal results if not permanently relieved. Our System of Inhalation and Compound Oxygen will cure any case of long standing Our New Respirator, worn by patients during sleep, will break up a heavy cold in a few hours

ASTHMA.—This distressing malady is the forerunner of grave Heart Complications, and must surely lead to a fatal issue if left to pursue its onward march Our treatment by Electricity and Electric Baths, with inhalations of pure Oxygen, relieves the most distressing symptoms at once, and if pursued for a short time, never fails to effect a permanent cure

NERVOUS DISEASES, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Sciatica, Lumbago, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, positively cured by the use of Electric Baths, Massage, and Compound Oxygen

CONSULTATION and examination free and strictly confidential

DRUNKENNESS, the Morphine and Opium Habit positively cured in from ten days to two weeks No return of the habit.

ELECTRO-DIAGNOSIS. After great labor and scientific research, we have designed at great expense an Electrical Instrument by which the most remote and obscure diseases are readily recognized by both physician and patient, and without asking a single question It is a truly wonderful invention, and makes very easy and distinct those diseases which have baffled the skill of the most learned and able physicians

TRIAL TREATMENT FREE. That the afflicted may have an opportunity of testing our wonderful remedies as offered from nature's store-house, and an absolutely correct diagnosis of their disease, we have decided for a limited time only, to give one treatment free. Cases and correspondence strictly confidential Treatment sent C. O. D. to any part of the United States. List of questions free. Address with postage,

ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, 32-34-36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

LOCAL NEWS.

Fred Schaeffer spent Sunday at Plymouth, O.

Mrs. H. T. VanFleet is at Delaware on a visit.

John Kinsler was up from Columbus to spend Sunday.

Joe Lauer was up from Prospect Monday forenoon on business.

Morris Breen left Monday for Huntington, Ind., on business.

Pete Neidig spent Sunday at his home in Upper Sandusky.

Geo. E. Smith is here from Chicago, calling on old friends and acquaintances.

Howe Woodruff, editor of the Richwood Gazette, spent Saturday afternoon in this city.

Mrs. E. Rupe is making an extended stay at Mt. Blanchard, Ohio, having left for that place last week.

J. W. Schroeter, of Ft. Recovery, O., was the guest of his brother, J. A. Schroeter, over Sunday night.

Miss Shumacher and Miss Crone, of Galion, returned home Monday, after a couple days' pleasant visit here.

Miss Carrie Brelsford, of Dayton, arrived in the city today and is the guest of her brother, Charles, in this city.

Manager Sargent Monday made a fine booking for next May, the 6th. At that time Marie Prescott will be here.

Policeman "Garry" is off duty on his west end beat, being laid off with sickness. Jack McLaughlin is on in his place.

A number from here attended a party given at the home of Byron Maloney, near Green Camp, Monday night.

Mrs. Fred A Cheney was called suddenly to Mechanicsburg, Ohio, on account of the serious illness of her father, J. Mickle.

Upper Sandusky Union: James Gump, of Marion, was called to this city on account of the illness of his mother, Mrs. Jonathan Gump.

The county commissioners were in session Saturday, and reported favorably upon the deepening and widening of the Orr ditch in Bowling Green township.

E. T. Bishop left Monday for Columbus. There is an enlargement of the glands of his neck, and it has become so alarming that he goes to see Columbus surgeons about the matter.

Dr. W. S. Wells is now located in his office over Foye's drug store, tendering his professional services to Marion people. The doctor is a newcomer, but will doubtless soon widen an acquaintance.

Miss Belle Johnston was at Kenton Monday beginning a large class in China decoration. The class was organized for Miss Johnston prior to the holidays, but she was unable to take up the work until this week.

An increased interest is being taken in the gymnasium by the members of the Athletic club. It is proposed to organize a tug of war team among members. Such organizations are becoming popular.

J. A. Jacoby, residing on west Canal street, west of the C., H. V. and T., has a remedy for sciatic rheumatism that he always guarantees a cure. Parties afflicted with this disease may find a cure by calling on Mr. Jacoby.

Dr. Crane has purchased the John F. Uhler property on east Center street, and gets possession at once, we presume, as Mr. Uhler moves out at once The doctor and his family will occupy the newly acquired property themselves.

J. H. F. Browning, manager of the new McMurray-Marion Institute, soon to be opened here for the cure of the alcohol and opium habits, spent Sunday at Columbus with his family. Mr. Browning expects to soon bring his family to reside here.

John Kelleher, an employe of the Steam Shovel works, sustained a painful cut in his jaw Monday. He was working at a big steam hammer when a piece of iron flew and struck him first on the shoulder and then on the jaw, inflicting an ugly wound.

The friends here of Chris. Ceifman who heard the report that he was killed in a railroad accident of the C., E. and I., will be pleased to learn that the report was untrue. He was in the wreck and buried under it for several hours, but his injuries were not fatal.

Superintendent Powell has received notice of the resolution of Kenyon College granting a free scholarship each year to a male pupil of a high school in each county in the state. The opportunity tends to make easier the way to a better education, and it will doubtless be taken advantage of,

At the Epworth M. E church on Sunday there were twenty accessions to the church membership, a further indication of the interest and success of the revival meetings in progress. The meetings still go on, conducted by Rev. R Wallace, and the attendance is very large and the audiences deeply interested.

Senator John Bain went to Columbus this week loaded down with a numerously signed petition from taxpayers, asking that the ditch law be amended. What is wanted by the petitioners is a law that will make it necessary to have a majority of those benefited to ask for a ditch before it is granted. Mr. Bain in the senate and Mr. Conley of the house are expected to work in the interest of such an amendment.

Frank Emmet was at Columbus on business Tuesday.

Will Romoser and wife have returned to their home in Canal Dover.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Farnum, of Prospect, were in the city Monday.

Mrs. Henry Hilderbrand is suffering with a very severe case of the grip.

The foundation for the new Steam Shovel works addition has been laid.

T. H. B. Beale is among those reported sick, and is confined to his home.

Marriage license was issued Friday to Geo. J. Martin and Addie J. Huffman

Attorney Carper, of Delaware, was in the city Wednesday on legal business.

C. Booth, of Jolliet, Ill., was in the city this week, visiting parents and friends.

Harry Scribner has just returned from a pleasant visit with lady friends at Findlay.

Mrs. Anna Newell, of Urbana, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. W. Wren, on north Main street, for a few days.

The strike of the C. and E. switchmen at Huntington is declared off. The men returned to work Tuesday night

Auditor W. L. Clark has assumed his official dignity again, after a ten day's visit with his brother at Buffalo, N. Y.

R. C. Ackerman is having his tonsorial parlors repainted and handsomely repapered, fixing it up in a modern style.

A Florida Enchantment, the new book by Gunter, author of Barnes of New York, etc., at Wiant's bookstore, in paper.

Mrs. Joseph Johnston was called to Mt. Vernon Tuesday by a telegram announcing the death of her sister, Miss Seymour.

There is somewhat of a rush in the local yards of the Big Four just at present, causing the boys to do some night work.

M. L. Martin returned Monday from several days' visit at Ada, O. DeWitt Vestal, sub mail carrier, looked after his route.

G. W. Ward, of Cleveland, is in the city on business. Mr. Ward is ex-president of the American Ticket Brokers' association.

The household goods of J G. LaFever were shipped to Springfield Wednesday, where Mr. and Mrs. LaFever will now make their home.

The firm of Romoser & Wren, stove and tinware dealers, was Tuesday dissolved by mutual consent, C. W. Romoser retiring from the business.

Clothes line robbers are reported on Silver street. They visited Ali Haberman's premises Monday night and got a supply of underclothing and wearing apparel.

Mrs. Dr. Martin returned Tuesday evening from Columbus, where she had been visiting her son and the family of J. A. Sutton, chaplain of the Ohio penitentiary.

Cal Decker, the Erie local conductor, has many friends here who will be grieved to learn that his son, Orrie, was killed on the L. E. and W. at Fostoria Tuesday night.

David Haberman was the biggest man in the Huber works Tuesday. A daughter, the first born, arrived at his home on George street, on Monday, and of course Dave is proud.

Byron Carter was struck with an iron rod, while at work in the erecting room of the Steam Shovel works Monday. The rod was thrown about ten feet and inflicted a serious wound in Carter's head.

The remains of the late Nehemiah Davis were taken from the vault and interred in Marion cemetery on Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The family of the deceased have secured a lot just north of the vault and the body will find its last resting place there.

There has been enough names secured now to procure the charter for the new colored K. of P. lodge to be instituted in this city. The institution is expected to take place the 15th of March. The order will start out with eighteen of Marion's best colored people.

Frank Harshberger returned Monday evening from Florida, where he has been for the past three months. He was accompanied by his wife and mother-in-law, Mrs. Yale. He was met at Cincinnati by his father, J. R. Harshberger. Frank is not improved in health.

L. Denison and wife, Mrs. Powers, Miss Eva Gailey, Master Jack Gailey and Miss Mary Gailey left Wednesday forenoon for Springfield to be in attendance at the wedding of Ed. Powers to a Miss Carr, of that city. George Uhler, who was to act as best man, went down Tuesday.

About seventy-five friends of Mrs. Alice Terry, wife of Wilson Terry, gave her a happy birthday surprise on Monday night. While temporarily away from home, the Terry residence on Park street was taken charge of, and when Mr. and Mrs. Terry returned there was a large and merry crowd to receive them. A happy evening was spent. It was the lady's 34th birthday.

H. M. Stowe, R. C Ackerman, Luther Rupp, Buch Fies, Fred Jones and Carl Ramroch were out about five miles north of Marion Tuesday on a rabbit hunt. They succeeded in bagging twenty-nine of the long-eared quadrupeds, and had a good time in the bargain. A house was ablaze in the neighborhood in which they were hunting, but with great risk to their lives the hunters helped to extinguish the flames.

IT CAVED IN

Two Men Narrowly Escape Burial Alive in Goose Creek.

Orrin Beem, one of the contractors engaged on the excavations and tiling of the Goose Creek ditch, had a thrilling experience Tuesday afternoon about 3 o'clock. Mr. Beem and his son Newton, a young man about 25 years of age, were working in the trench, engaged in laying tile in Judge Schultz's lot, on East street, when the earth caved in upon them. The elder Beem was almost completely buried, the falling dirt reaching to his shoulders, that his head alone protruded. The young man was less unfortunate, the earth reaching only to his hips. Neither gentleman, however, were able to extricate themselves, while the father was suffering terribly from the pressure of the earth.

Mrs. Schultz, who had observed the accident, hastened to a gang of workmen further down the ditch, who came to the rescue of the unfortunate men. Their arrival was timely, for it is believed that had assistance arrived a few minutes later the elder Mr. Beem would have suffered death. As it was he was taken out seriously injured, the frozen earth having fallen upon his back, injuring his spine, while he suffers internal injuries. The trench was about seven feet deep, and the earth descended with great weight. The young man escaped with a few bruises, while his father is confined to his bed from the effects of his wounds. He is confined to his bed at his son's home on south East street today, and while feeling quite sore it is not thought that more serious results will ensue The elder Beem's home is at Richwood. He is about 65 years of age.

Probate Court.

A. C. Clemens, administrator of the estate of H. L. Collins, filed first and final account.

Hearing on the amendment to the petition to sell real estate of Jacob Schultz, Jr, administrator of the estate of Jacob Schultz, Sr., deceased.

C. E. Kelly made application to have the last will and testament of Sarah Fields admitted to probate and record; hearing Tuesday, February 2.

W. Z Davis, administrator of the estate of Bushrod W. Davis, deceased, filed petition to sell real estate.

Fred Retterer and Albert Oborn, administrators of the estate of Benjamin Oborn, deceased, filed inventory and appraisement of personal property.

S. N. Smith appointed guardian of Lovie L. Anderson.

Samuel W. Stoufer and Minnie L. Mason licensed to marry.

Huber Beneficial Officers.

The board of directors of the Huber Beneficial Association met Tuesday afternoon and effected an organization for the ensuing year by the election of the following officers:

John J. Crawley, president; John Schroeder, vice president; August Schrader, secretary; Sig Probst, Chas. Fletcher, Michael Hogan, Lewis Scheri and John Munsell, Sr., sick committee.

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grip, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only. For sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles.

At a banquet in Cleveland, recently, Mr. Robert Blee made some remarks concerning the "Bee Line" road—now the "Big Four"—that are interesting. He said: "I think the old Bee Line was the luckiest road in America. The first train was run Feb. 22, 1851, when the train came from Columbus, with William Case, the mayor of Columbus, the judges of the supreme court, members of the legislature and citizens. The visitors spent the day in Cleveland and a banquet was held at night. From that day to the present, only two passengers have been killed on that road, and the period includes the civil war times when trains were running day and night carrying soldiers. This record speaks well for the employes and I doubt whether there is a road in America with as good a record.

A party was given at the residence of J. G. Pangborn Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Alice Wolfe, of Danville, Ill. About thirty guests were present, and enjoyed a delightful evening. A feast of all the dainties imaginable was one of the most pleasant features of the affair. Miss Wolfe returned to her home Wednesday after five months visit here and the party was a fitting farewell to the young lady.

A stone thrown from a blast made on the sewer construction struck Joseph Blair on the head Wednesday, inflicting an ugly gash. Mr. Blair was working on the foundation of the new Steam Shovel addition near the sewer. A hack was summoned to convey him to a surgeon, but he had come on up town before the hack arrived. Luckily his injuries are not serious.

Erie engine 137, used in the yards here, is just out of the Galion shops where it has been rebuilt and repainted. The engine is again in the hands of engineer Eph Gurley, and he is as proud of the 137 as a boy is of his first pair of boots.

The "Our Club" of LaRue, has issued invitations for a masquerade dance, to be given at DeLauder's hall in that place on the evening of Feb. 2d. Invitations have been received by some of the young men in this city.

Very prompt attention is paid to forwarding subscriptions for all the leading periodicals, including Ladies' Home Journal at lowest rates at Wiant's bookstore. wedawk

AN OLD TIME INCIDENT.

A Funny Affair in Which Bob Dumm Figured in Early Days.

In all our experience with newspapers, we were never attacked but once, says the Upper Sandusky Union. It was in 1854. In a pleasant little joke, we connected the name of a great big fellow, and thought he would be tickled to death to see his name in print, and that he would come around and buy a dozen or two copies of the paper; but the boys got hold of him, made him believe it was an outrage, and that nothing would re-establish his reputation, which was thus damaged by the article, but the ministration of a sound flogging of the offending scribbler in some public place. A drug store on Wyandot avenue was then the principal loafing place for boys in town to gather and talk over events and happenings. It was the place to gather news, and the scribbler was usually there of evenings. While the boys were urging vengeance upon the part of the big fellow they were also posting the scribbler. It was arranged that the biz fellow should publicly whale the scribbler in the drug store, and that the scribbler should do the other thing which followed. Sure enough, one evening the drug store was jammed. The scribbler was pleasantly located by the stove. In came the big fellow with a rush, his eyes sparkling the fury of outraged dignity. Without a moment's delay, he pulled off his coat and made a plunge for the scribbler; but the scribbler, usually a coward, was at his ease, and immediately pulled a huge horse pistol and emptied its chamber at the aggressor. It was a cold night, but the big fellow broke for the door and into the night, hatless and coatless, running for home as fast as his legs would carry him, A furious shout went up because the predicted turn of affairs had taken place. The horse pistol contained a small charge of powder and a paper wad, but the "bang" was no less terrific. All the arrangements were made by the boys, and thus joke No. 2 was enacted. The big fellow got "on to it" next morning, sued for peace, and the second affair was not published.

BURNED OUT.

The Little Town of Mt. Victory Suffers a $30,000 Fire.

The most destructive fire in the history of the town of Mt. Victory, twenty-three miles west of here, in Hardin county, on the Big Four, occurred at 1:30 Sunday morning. Nearly the entire town was wiped out, and a conservative estimate places the loss at $30,000. The fire originated in Dickinson & Wallace's hardware store, and soon the whole east side of Main street was in the grip of the monster. Strenuous efforts were made to stay its progress, which availed nothing, as the town does not possess an engine or fire apparatus, in fact, of any kind, and the fire burned its way until it stopped for lack of fuel.

Dr. Boone's residence and office were destroyed, Henry Williams, dry goods; Dickinson & Wallace, hardware; McKim, barber shop; L. M. Winder, grocery; J. O. Angell, bakery; the Mt. Victory Bank and Observer office. A large part of Dr. Boone's goods were saved and the merchandise in the stores of Henry Williams, Dickinson & Wallace, L. M. Winder and J. O. Angell were largely destroyed. The large safe in the bank was pulled out in the street and the postoffice was also placed in the same position. Household goods, harness and buggies and various kinds of Merchandise crowd the streets. Henry Williams, loss partly covered by insurance. Dickson & Wallace, $8,000 insurance, which does not near cover their loss. McKim, insured on building, but not contents Boyd is well protected by insurance. L. M. Winder, goods insured and the building owned by Adam Allen, likewise insured. The Mt. Victory Observer is a total loss, and Dickinson & Wallace unfortunately lost their goods.

BIGGEST SHOW ON EARTH

Marion Will Be on Its Route the Coming Season.

Ah, Col Eckhart, here's something to your liking.

J. P. Fagan, agent of Barnum & Bailey's big show, was in the city Friday, making some preliminary arrangments for the appearance of the biggest show on earth in Marion next season. Mr. Fagan took out license with Mayor Dudley Friday, and stated that his show would exhibit in this city some time during next June. He also stated that Lima would be the nearest stand to Marion, and assured the city a rousing big day when the time arrived.

It is not necessary to say anything so far in advance of the Barnum & Bailey aggregation, the bill boards will do that in the proper season, but the show will come with a new spectacular feature that is a show in itself.

Mr. Fagan was asked the question while here why Marion had heretofore been left off the route of the big show His answer was that the impression had gotten out among the profession that Marion was a high license town.

Former Marionite Dead.

Word was received Monday of the death of Christian Martin, at Tiffin, Ohio. Deceased was a former resident of Marion, leaving here some ten or twelve years ago, but is largely known here, indeed he was an uncle to John and C. E. Martin and Mrs. Eckhart and Mrs. H. F. Snyder. He had been an invalid for some sixteen months, and was past sixty years of age. He leaves a family, one of the surviving daughters being Mrs. Randolph Everett, of this county. The remains were brought to Marion for burial on Wednesday.

Odds and Ends!

We are getting ready to invoice this week and find plenty of odds and ends in the way of pants, coats, etc., which can be bought for considerable less than the regular price of these goods.

We would like to clear our whole stock of odd garments of all kinds in the way of shirts, gloves, hats, etc., and all these goods of which we have left, one or two or a kind, can be bought for just about one-half their original price.

This is the last week for the pumpkin guessing. The seeds will be counted next Monday. Everybody still has a chance for the $40, as the right number may not yet be guessed.

All goods marked in plain figures and strictly one price.

Sam Oppenheimer,
Clothier,
Hatter,
Furnisher.
Bennett Building.

-:- -:- OUR IMMENSE -:- -:-

CLEARANCE SALE

—IS A—

GREAT SUCCESS!

And we will continue to close out the balance of our stock of Winter Goods—Clothing, Underwear, Gloves, Caps, Etc., at

COST PRICES!

As we would rather sell all of our Winter Goods at cost than to keep them over. Everybody should take advantage of this great sale, as it will last

ONLY 25 DAYS LONGER.

BLUE FRONT CLOTHING HOUSE

OPPOSITE HOTEL MARION, MARION, MARION, O.

MILK SICKNESS

Results in the Death of Mrs. Cromer, South of the City.

Mrs. Geo. W. Cromer died Tuesday at 5 o'clock, at her home 3½ miles south of this city, at the age of 23 years and 3 days. She suffered an illness of three months, the result of milk sickness, from which she never fully recovered. Her husband also had an attack of the complaint last fall. Death, however, came unexpectedly.

The funeral services will be held at the U. B. church in this city, Thursday, Jan. 28, at 11 o'clock a.m.

Police Court Mention.

Andy Bolen, colored, was arrested on suspicion of having stolen a small amount of table cutlery from Chas Racy's restaurant. He was held in confinement over Sunday. The stolen property was found afterwards. Bolen protested his innocence.

A member of the Salvation Army was arrested by Officer Kinsler Sunday evening on the charge of having stolen a watch from a companion. He was taken to the city prison and searched but the property was not found. He was released.

John Jones, the colored fellow, who beat a tattoo with a poker on William Cloud's head a couple weeks ago, called on the police for protection. He said there were a dozen big coons that were on his trail with guns and razors. Officers Masterson and Malloy found the gang in a Main street saloon where they were jagging up. They were told to keep quiet during the night, and the advice was taken.

A Stirring New Industry.

The Marion Implement Manufacturing company is assuming the appearance of becoming a bustling new industry. The large number of orders coming in weekly indicate a big season's trade, possibly beyond the capacity of the shops to meet.

The work of getting out timber is progressing rapidly, while the machinery is being put in position. An addition to the present building is necessary. The company is preparing to build the addition on the north side of the present building, which will be begun this week. The building will be a large one, but the dimensions can not be given now. It is not decided whether it will be frame or brick.

A Few Inventory Bargains.

Naturally in a really large stock the annual taking of stock brings to light many things to be closed out. Without much regard to cost we mention a few lots:

100 yards Fancy and Brocaded Velvets will be sold from 25c to $1.00 per yd., originally sold for $1.00 to $4.00, suitable for Children's Cloaks, Dress Trimmings, Fronts for House Dresses, Etc.

10 pieces All Wool Suitings, Camel's Hairs, Home Spuns, Flannels, Etc, at 35c, regular 50c goods.

Those of our customers who secured some of a former lot at the same price will realize the desirability of the goods.

140 yards French Flannels in Scotch Plaids, Fancy Plaids and Stripes will be sold at 25c.

A Few Pairs of the Celebrated Mechanicsburg Blankets, and some Home-made Comforts to be closed.

We still have a few sizes in Plush Coaks and Jackets, also some good things in Cloth Jackets Cost will not be considered in closing them out.

Warner & Edwards.

EMBROIDERIES

WE have just opened the largest line of HAMBURG EMBROIDERIES ever on display in this city. By purchasing an immense quantity we were enabled to buy direct from the manufacturers and can therefore RETAIL EMBROIDERIES at WHOLESALE PRICES.

This means a saving of 50 per cent to the customer.

We can't put the low prices on them emphatic enough in words, but every lady can appreciate the unheard-of values after seeing them.

The center counter of our store is devoted to the display of them exclusively, and yet not half can be shown.

You must get in to investigate.

UHLER, PHILLIPS & CO.,
First Door West of the Postoffice.

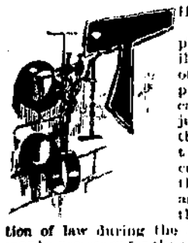
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

IS IT FEAR OR FORCE?

The Notorious Third Degree of the Police Authorities.

CONFESSIONS OF TWO ASSASSINS.

Both Men Lost Their Nerve When Confronted with the Visible Evidence of Official Power—Celebrated Cases at Paris and New York.



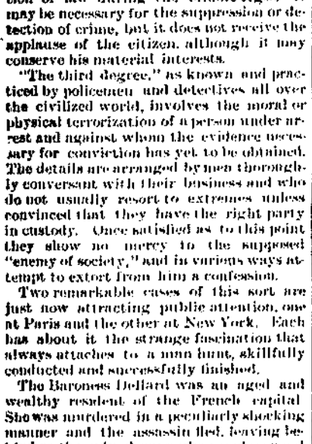
THE third degree! This term applies to a purely illegal exhibition of authority employed in the so called interests of justice. It is to the civilization of the Nineteenth century what the thumbscrew, rack and wheel were to the administration of law during the Middle Ages. It may be necessary for the suppression or detection of crime, but it does not receive the applause of the citizen, although it may conserve his material interests.

"The third degree," as known and practiced by policemen and detectives all over the civilized world, involves the moral or physical terrorization of a person under arrest and against whom the evidence necessary for conviction has yet to be obtained. The details are arranged by men thoroughly conversant with their business and who do not usually resort to extremes unless convinced that they have the right party in custody. Once satisfied as to this point they show no mercy to the supposed "enemy of society," and in various ways attempt to extort from him a confession.

Two remarkable cases of this sort are just now attracting public attention, one at Paris and the other at New York. Each has about it the strange fascination that always attaches to a man hunt, skillfully conducted and successfully finished.

The Baroness Dellard was an aged and wealthy resident of the French capital. She was murdered in a peculiarly shocking manner and the assassin fled, leaving behind as the only clews a glove and a sword with which he slew the woman.

But these mute witnesses of the tragedy proved sufficient to fasten suspicion on a sublieutenant of a line regiment, temporarily on the retired list, while recovering from the effects of a dissolute life. This man, Louis Anastay by name, submitted



BARONESS DELLARD.

to arrest with the dignified protest naturally to be anticipated from an innocent person. The little evidence against him was circumstantial and of an unsatisfactory nature.

Ordinary methods failed to fasten the crime on him, and finally M. Gorom, the chef de la surete, had recourse to "la confrontation," as they politely term "the third degree" in France. The prisoner was taken to the office of the head of the detective force by agents in plain clothes, whose faces wore an aspect at once solemn and menacing. Their lugubrious visages seemed to say, "You poor fellow; we hate to, but we must, and how you will suffer!"

On reaching the destination Goron with chill and ominous politeness requested Anastay to be seated in a chair standing by a large table. This chair was placed in a peculiar position and with an object in view. Of necessity the occupant gazed on several unpleasant things. Silence reigned for a few moments. Then Anastay remarked, "Will monsieur inform me regarding that hideous group of pictures on the wall?"

"Certainly," responded Goron. "That is a portrait of Vaubourg, the assassin of the Rue de Charenton, with a facsimile of the head of Boutry, his victim. Below that you may observe the photograph of Ollivier, the old man of Neuilly, and surrounding it are the silhouettes of his murderers, Yvorel, Gaudissard and the two Andres, Barre and Michot. By the way, it is possible they were guillotined this morning. Had the pigs been less obstinate and confessed they might have escaped with imprisonment, but they preferred to fight, and the law was not merciful."

LOUIS ANASTAY.

"Then confession ennobles the punishment of the guilty?" queried Anastay.

"No promise is made to that effect, yet it has a certain influence on the judges. But, lieutenant, you have not complimented me on the artistic decorations of my office. Don't you think that quite a charming display of handcuffs? Each one has clutched an assassin's wrist. And those bludgeons. On a few of them you may still see traces of hair and blood. Would you like to examine one? There is no danger. The men who used them are dead or transported now. No? All right. Ah," turning toward the door, "gentlemen, I greet you."

Enter M. Poucet, juge d'instruction, and M. Gevelot, deputy from the department of Orne and nephew of the murdered woman. Nerveless for lack of absinthe, shaken by his surroundings and shocked by Gevelot's menacing aspect, Anastay breaks down.

"Eh! bien oui! c'est moi! c'est moi!" he cries in a loud voice, the voice of a trapped and terrified animal. Then more calmly he gives the details of his crime and is hustled back to prison. Subsidiary Anastay has taken the third degree and made ready his neck for the knife.

New York is just now discussing a "Jack the Slasher" case, and in connection with the solution of the mystery several people were made to feel the extra legal force of police methods. Early one morning a patrolman on duty in a disreputable part of the city stumbled over the corpse of a man whose throat was cut. Letters and documents on the body seemed to show that his name was John Carson, and the matter of identity was settled later on by a Bowery lodging house "guest," who wished to remain anonymous and mysterious, but who readily told all he knew when confronted with the alternative of being thumped half to death in a cell by policemen who would afterward swear, if needs be, that he was drunk and assaulted them.

Carson, it was learned from this person, had been a Baltimore lawyer and came of good family. Through drink he lost his grip on decency and had sunk to the depths. He was last seen alive by the "hotel" clerk and had been refused a room because of his beastly intoxication.

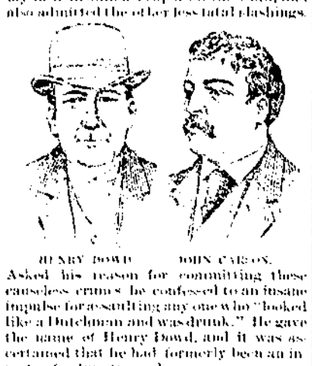
BROUGHT BEFORE GORON.

As this was the sixth case of throat cutting brought to his attention from that district within a few days, Inspector Byrnes concluded that a crank must be at large who made a specialty of slashing drunken men. So forty or fifty officers, plainly attired, were scattered about the neighborhood. They kept a watchful eye on every inebriate to see whether or not he was followed and assaulted, and Police man Masterson's vigilance was rewarded.

At an early hour in the morning he saw a drunkard stagger along the street. Back of the set stealthily crept another person who was sober. In the rear, treading with equal caution, came Masterson. Suddenly man No. 2 made a catlike leap at man No. 1 and wielded a razor. The victim dropped, uttering no sound and the assassin fled. The officer followed him, firing a revolver and rapping with his club for assistance. The pistol shot was an agreed signal and it was answered from all quarters.

The fugitive turned and doubled, but at every alley entrance and street corner policemen seemed to rise almost out of the ground. One smashed him over the head with his night stick, another hit him in the mouth with his fist, and three sat on him until the handcuffs encircled his wrists. An ambulance took the prisoner's wounded victim to a hospital. The assailant, caught red handed, was hauled to the police station, where Inspector Byrnes, who arrived soon afterward, gave him the third degree.

The details of that portentous private interview will probably never be known. Doubtless, however, there was no necessity for violence or a show of violence. Pa tering by the suddenness of his capture the guilty wretch either had the nerve nor desire to conceal anything. He acknowledged that he had slain Carson as the man lay in a drunken stupor on the walk, and also admitted the other less fatal slashings.



HENRY DOWD. JOHN CARSON.

Asked his reason for committing these causeless crimes he confessed to an insane impulse for assaulting any one who "looked like a Dutchman and was drunk." He gave the name of Henry Dowd, and it was ascertained that he had formerly been an inmate of a lunatic asylum.

In both these cases there is small doubt but that the "moral suasion" used was justifiable and that the officers exceeded their authority little if any. Be that as it may, however, two of the most despicable assassins of the day have confessed, and are liable to suffer the extreme penalty of the law for their fiendish crimes.

Meanwhile the third degree artists of the Chicago force are in hot water. The Herald of that city accuses them of trying to convict the innocent "by suppressing evidence for the defense and manufacturing testimony for the prosecution," and cites the facts of three trials at which judge and jury practically denounced the police as conspirators who were attempting to thwart the ends of justice.

In one of these cases three young men were charged with murder. It was shown that one of the prosecuting witnesses, a policeman, had fired the fatal shot and the defendants were acquitted. Their counsel made a scathing speech from which the following is an extract.

"A wholesale assault has been made upon innocent young girls and boys, and against the old as well as the young, against whom the breath of suspicion has not blown, by the police in this case. They have assailed the good name of man and woman to break down this strong defense in their attempt to put the cowardly cruel crime on these defendants. But, gentlemen, you will not believe this manufactured prosecution cold blooded, cruel and calculated conspiracy by these two policemen, marvelous only by them to have these three defendants and shield themselves from this awful crime."

So it seems that in administering the third degree the object in view is not always the vindication of right and the punishment of wrong.

F. N. WHITE.

Paul Bolone, of Berlin, who, asked by the presiding judge of the criminal court what first led him into crime, begged to be excused on the ground that he hadn't been able to charge his memory with such a trifle. Mr. Bolone was promptly sentenced to eight years' penal servitude in which to refresh his memory.

SHE INSURES THE DYING.

How a Woman Profits by Others' Drunkenness and Want.

IS there any limit to the villainy of women when the love of money is the motive? Apparently not, the exception only serving the natural limit to his sex's capacity. That an occasional woman should be intemperate or malicious or a thief is not surprising, but the odd fact about women's villainy is that it seems runs in a line directly contrary to what we consider woman's nature—that is, in the abuse of children, of old and sick people, and of sly and treacherous mischief.

Such a case is that of Mrs. Mary Joyce, of First avenue and East Nineteenth street, New York.

MRS. MARY JOYCE.

Who deals in dying people—that is, insures their lives and pockets the premiums. She is unnaturally shrewd in foreseeing death, and has beaten some of the shrewdest doctors. She says of this gift, "I can tell when mixed ale is get in the best of 'em. People that's all played out an bound to go soon, but look all right and don't show signs of disease that's the kind I speculate in. My father taught me this business. He's a farmer over in Jersey."

"And will you insure me?" asked The World reporter who was digging out these facts.

"Naw! Your face is too round, like an apple, and you've got a full chin. A long faced, sharp featured man is what I'll risk my seventy five cents a week on, like my old man there, but he hangs on too long to suit me." Her consumptive husband lying on the lounge heard all this, but made no sign. She has four boys, the youngest a baby, all healthy looking, but she has them insured for all the companies will risk, and spoke with apparent gratification of the fact that any of them might die.

Horrible as this seems, her neighbors and one physician make the case much worse. She began by defrauding charitable organizations. She would "pick up a miserable baby and a poor old woman somewhere," install them in a wretchedly furnished room and report the case. Bedding, clothing, coal and provisions would pour in, woman and baby would be shipped to another room and Mrs. Joyce would confiscate the stuff. At length one woman demanded half the goods, they quarreled, the woman exposed her and Mrs. Joyce went into insurance.

She insured an old laborer named Moriarty, he was drowned in a few months, and she realized fifty dollars. She insured his widow, who soon proved to have Bright's disease. Mrs. Joyce, according to one physician, kept her soaked in whisky, and in a few months there was eighty-four dollars to pay on her. Several other cases are reported, and now the physicians of the companies she has "worked" will not take any case she offers.

POISONED HER CHILDREN.

The Terrible Crime for Which a Woman Is Serving a Life Sentence.

When Sarah Haviland entered the penitentiary at Jackson, Mich., a life convict, she was thirty eight years of age. She is now sixty three, and a movement is afoot to secure her pardon. It is urged that in the quarter of a century of her imprisonment she has been a model prisoner and has done valuable service as a domestic. It is not urged, but it is hinted, that she is getting too old for any use and that she may become a burden on the state instead of being a source of profit. A daughter is willing to give her a home, and so, for a variety of reasons, it is thought that she may be granted liberty.

SARAH HAVILAND.

Her case is a remarkable one. When just budding into womanhood she was married to Ira Haviland at Ypsilanti. The couple lived harmoniously for fourteen years, and four children were born of the union. Then the husband died, and after a proper season of mourning the widow became the wife of John Lenhart, by whom she had two children. Lenhart proved dissipated and cruel, and Sarah, on a divorce from him at Battle Creek.

While prosecuting her case in court she met Daniel Baker, a "clairvoyant physician," and grew infatuated with him. She had with her at the time the two children of her second marriage and the youngest, by her first husband. Baker declined to wed her so long as she had these incumbrances. So she killed them with arsenic. Both she and her paramour got life sentences. The doctor went mad and died in the third year of his imprisonment, and now Sarah longs to breathe once more the air of freedom.

Shot Himself When Detected.

Herman Rohde, of Berlin, was another "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in real life. For many years he has been the secretary and treasurer of the fund for Superannuated Royal Bandmasters of the Prussian army. He was regarded as the personification of honor and his word was considered as good as his bond, and perhaps it was, for subsequent developments showed that neither was worth anything. Rohde's exposure was brought about in an unusual manner. Some Nemesis went to the trouble of writing letters to the members of the fund. So persistent was this anonymous correspondent that an investigation was ordered. The result was sensational in the extreme. His shortage is believed to be about 150,000 marks. Rohde maintained two establishments, each presided over by a woman not his wife. He also gambled heavily, and was beautifully illustrating the axiom that a man with a salary of 1,500 marks a year cannot spend 20,000 and be honest. When Rohde learned that he was to be arrested he committed suicide. He was found in a room, for a policeman with the warrant in hand broke down the door. The body of the self destroyer was cold in death.

A Great Place for Ducks.

Captain De Haas has been engaged in hunting in Alaska during the past two years. He is enthusiastic on the subject of Alaska as a sportsman and the cunning industry in particular. He says that at the mouth of the Yukon river immense flocks of wild ducks and geese gather every spring, and it is his opinion that large factories for canning these birds, which could be captured at trifling expense, would prove particularly profitable investments. The money received from the sale of the feathers would almost pay the cost of the birds in Alaska.

A BANKER IN DISGUISE.

Clad as a Tramp He Investigates Chicago's Organized Charities.

E. S. Dreyer is a prominent banker of Chicago. He is very rich and employs much of his wealth in the gratification of his philanthropic inclinations. It is said that he gives away between $25,000 and $30,000 a year in charity. Hitherto much of this sum has been donated in the form of annual subscriptions to societies. But Banker Dreyer has discarded this plan. As benevolent as he is—and there is no man in Chicago who gives with a more willing heart—he is nevertheless one of those hardheaded business men who like to see money go where it is intended to go. He does not like to feel that only about one fifth of the money he tries to give in charity is really expended upon the poor. But that is how he did feel, and he determined to ascertain for himself by actual personal investigation. As a result of his experience he has withdrawn his annual subscriptions from most of the societies, and is now engaged in doing good in his own way.

E. S. DREYER.

Mr. Dreyer's method for ascertaining how the so called "charitable" organizations were conducted was novel and in keeping with the great business perspicacity which has brought him wealth. When a poor person recently applied to him for relief, and stated that the societies either could not or would not afford the desired aid, the banker disguised himself as a pauper, went to several of the "charity" offices and asked for succor.

The replies varied only as to the actual form of the declination; the practical result was the same in every case. In one instance an official drawing a fat salary out of the contributions, intended for just such as the applicant was supposed to be, ordered him to "get out." When positive refusals were not given there was so much "red tape," with the consequent delay preliminary to the rendering of help, that a person might easily have starved to death before aid could be obtained, even if it chanced to be granted eventually. One such case actually came under Mr. Dreyer's observation.

The banker also asserts that women, dressed in silks and satins, go about the city of Chicago soliciting charity with great perseverance. Their zeal is easily explained by Mr. Dreyer's discovery that they receive a stated commission for this work, and that many of them manage to make it yield a goodly income. Naturally, after sifting through the hands of a few "philanthropists" of this type, the amount of money originally subscribed has shrunk considerably when it reaches the nominal beneficiaries.

As a result of his observations Banker Dreyer wants the charitable societies of Chicago, which are supported by subscription either in whole or in part, to be investigated. He wishes to get together a committee of rich men who can afford to devote the necessary time to the matter. By means of personal applications in disguise for charity and other devices these gentlemen will be enabled, it is believed, to announce to the public the names of those societies which are worthy of support. This plan is intended to have the effect of weeding out those organizations which are only nominally and not actually charitable.

STABBED IN THE BACK.

How a Cincinnati Drunkard Murdered His Wife.

Five years ago Lizzie Jackson was a Quaker belle in Clinton county, O., a maiden so fair of face and attractive that she had many suitors, and surprise was expressed when she married Frank Rutherford, a new comer in the neighborhood. Five years of slow decline and heart breaking misery followed, and the corpse of the young wife lay on the floor of a tenement in Cincinnati, murdered by her own husband, her life blood spattered on her three year old boy.

LIZZIE RUTHERFORD.

It is the old story. He was "no account," as the people say. He idled, then drank heavily, abused his wife and finally drove a pair of shears into her back till the point penetrated her heart. He was a carriage painter by trade, but worked only by fits and starts, and of late years his wife worked out as a domestic. Owing to her husband she could not keep her place and so joined Mrs. Tennott, a neighbor in the big tenement house at the corner of Commerce and Elm streets, in doing scrub work at various resorts. This servile toil the young mother did to get clothing for her little boy. Rutherford went on idling and drinking more and more.

He came home drunk and found his wife at the sewing machine. There was a quarrel—at any rate his voice was heard—then a scream of mortal agony and Mrs. Tennett rushed in. The murdered wife was still standing, but sank on the bed, attempted to clasp her boy, but fell to the floor dead. Rutherford of course pleads "temporary insanity," and adds that his wife tried to strike him with a poker. But the wound was in her back, under the left shoulder blade, and seems to have been given as she was leaning forward, probably over the sewing machine.

An Emperor's Horse in Bad Repute.

A German newspaper has recently accused no less a personage than the czar of all the Russias of practically attempting to get rid of the young German emperor by giving him a present. The present which has aroused the ire of the newspaper was not a package of dynamite received by the czar as a "parting gift" from some nihilistic admirer about to leave for Siberia, but a trio of magnificent stallions. One of these horses has striven ever since he has been in Germany to do something to get his name in the papers, and his efforts have been crowned with magnificent success, although this equine self adviser has made the mistake of starting high and descending, instead of beginning low and working up. First of all, he hurt the emperor, then he tried the coachman, whom he nearly succeeded in killing, and his last effort was expended on the coachman's assistant, whom he used up pretty badly. The horse is to be killed.

REPTILES AS THEY ARE.

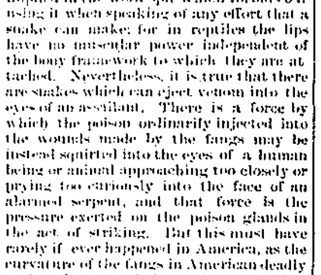
Even Snakes Have Suffered from Slander.

THINGS THEY NEVER ATTEMPT.

Probable Origin of the "Stinging Tail" Belief—The Bushmaster Bad Enough as He Is—How the Cobra and the Rattler Eject Their Venom.

The persistency with which mankind has clung to erroneous notions concerning snakes is, to say the least, curious. Some stories are so far fetched that like bad ore they do not contain enough of the genuine metal to repay the trouble of smelting. But others are of such a tempting mixture that they deserve an examination so that the gold of truth may be extracted before they be thrown aside as rubbish.

We know better nowadays than to believe in the "lingua suffusa veneno," but it is nevertheless true that most persons will exclaim, "Look at his sting!" when they see the sharp forked tongue of a snake. The reason of this error is self evident.



TAIL OF THE BUSHMASTER.

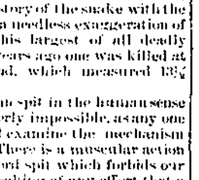
In South America we hear the story of the snake with the sting in his tail. He is said to be more deadly than any other on account of this double armament. Of course this is not true, but still there is in it a little truth—just enough to flavor the falsehood. Over all the hilly and rolling forest lands of South America from Panama to Brazil there is found that largest of all deadly snakes, the bushmaster. He is unique in the serpent world on account of the peculiarity of his scales. Every scale is raised into a little knob exactly like the protuberances on the rough surface of a pineapple. Hence he is called in Venezuela "Cazima de pina," or pineapple viper.

Among the Creoles of Trinidad, the only West Indian island where he exists, he has the title of "Mapepi Zamuna," which has the same meaning. Toward the end of his tail each scale is prolonged into a little spine, increasing in length to the last or terminal one, which is many times longer than the others, and in full grown specimens varies from a half to three-quarters of an inch in length. This spine is entirely innocent of poison and never brought into use either for offensive or defensive purposes. The propensity of the ignorant to associate the ideas of venom and malignity confusedly with everything belonging to snakes has transformed this harmless caudal ornament into an instrument of vengeance and death. This, without doubt, gives rise to the story of the snake with the sting in his tail, a needless exaggeration of the powers of this largest of all deadly snakes. A few years ago one was killed at Toco, in Trinidad, which measured 13½ feet.

That a snake can spit in the human sense of the word is utterly impossible, as any one may see who will examine the mechanism of the mouth. There is a muscular action implied in the word spit which forbids our using it when speaking of any effort that a snake can make; for in reptiles the lips have no muscular power independent of the bony framework to which they are attached. Nevertheless, it is true that there are snakes which can eject venom into the eyes of an assailant. There is a force by which the poison ordinarily injected into the wounds made by the fangs may be instead squirted into the eyes of a human being or animal approaching too closely or prying too curiously into the face of an alarmed serpent, and that force is the pressure exerted on the poison glands in the act of striking. But this must have rarely if ever happened in America, as the curvature of the fangs in American deadly snakes almost precludes such a possibility. But with the Indian and African cobra and their relatives such a thing is not only possible but easy.

In the rattlesnake, the copperhead, the moccasin, and in fact in all vipers both of the Old and New World, the fangs are only erect when the mouth is open, and even then they are so curved downward and the aperture by which the venom makes its exit comes out at such an acute angle with the point of the fang that even if the deadly fluid were ejected through it its course would be rather horizontal, or even downward, so that it would not reach the eyes of a man standing upright. With the genus Naje, however, it is far otherwise. It must be understood that to this and some allied genera belong all the famous and terrible snakes of Africa and India, known generally under the name of cobra. In these the secretion of venom is perhaps more abundant, but there are peculiarities connected with their fang arrangement and method of striking.

As an example of American poison snakes take the rattlesnake, and of the cobra class the black cape cobra (scpedon haemachatus). Now the rattlesnake's fangs are only erect in the act of striking, while those of the scpedon are always partially erect. When the scpedon ordinarily strikes his mouth is not open, but nevertheless the fangs come outside and below the lower lips protruding beneath the chin. On the contrary when the rattlesnake strikes the mouth is opened to its widest extent, so that whereas the former strikes a deadly blow without biting, in the latter the striking and biting constitute the same act.



SNAKE FANGS.

The most important difference, however, is made apparent by the annexed cuts showing the direction in which the poison is ejected from the fangs of both.

The upper cut shows the angle of emission from the fang of the rattlesnake, and it will be noticed that the fang is grooved to the point.

The lower cut gives the angle of emission from that of the cobra where the opening comes out abruptly, leaving the point solid.

G. R. O'REILLY.

No part of Australia is so hot and so unhealthy as to forbid white settlement, and if the strip of low lying coast lands in the north be omitted there is no part of it yet colonized in which Europeans or Americans cannot work.

A YOUTHFUL "JEKYLL AND HYDE."

Robert Cascaden, the Boy Who Murdered Policeman Findley in Philadelphia.

Two pictures would serve to tell the story of the life of eighteen-year-old Robert Cascaden, of Philadelphia, more eloquently than words.

One should represent an athletic, pleasant faced young man, devoted to his mother, kind and considerate to his younger brother and sister, a conscientious employee and a consistent member of the church which he attended whenever services were held.

ROBERT CASCADEN.

The other should depict a skulking burglar, who, emerging from the store he had attempted to rob, had snuffed out in a moment the life of the officer of the law who, faithful to the trust reposed in him, had attempted to detain this enemy of society.

Well educated, reared amid the most refining and elevating influences, good looking and popular, Robert Cascaden was a model young man up to about a year ago. Today he occupies a murderer's cell in a Philadelphia prison.

One night recently Cascaden started for church with his younger brother, after kissing his mother affectionately. At the church door he left his brother, telling him he would probably return before the close of the services. He did not return, however, for he was at that time engaged in the burglarious attempt, the discovery of which cost Policeman Findley his life.

Trashy novels, evil companions and the race track brought Cascaden from the enviable position he occupied to a murderer's cell in one short year. His act has nearly broken his devoted mother's heart, it has made a widow and left two children fatherless, and it will probably cause him to die on the gallows, bequeathing only a legacy of shame to his bereaved family.

THE BALLOON COLLAPSED.

Public Feeling Aroused by Lieutenant Mansfield's Tragic Death.

In England an animated discussion is being conducted by the newspapers regarding the advisability of police interference to prevent balloon ascensions and parachute descents. The question was brought to prominence by the recent horrible death of Lieutenant Edward Mansfield, of the royal naval reserve, and second officer of the steamship Nizam, in Bombay, India. The ill fated young man—he was only twenty-six years of age—had a theory that balloons with parachute and

LIEUTENANT MANSFIELD.

basket attachments could be used to advantage in military operations. He had given two successful experiments illustrating his plan, and an immense crowd was present, including many distinguished personages, to witness the third trial.

Lieutenant Mansfield had promised to rise to an altitude of 15,000 feet, 4,000 feet higher than he had yet gone. The balloon, the Wanderer, was filled with 23,000 cubic feet of gas, almost its total capacity. When it was released it rose rapidly until about 800 feet from the ground. Then the spectators were horrified to see it collapse. The aeronaut tried desperately to disentangle the parachute from the mass of ropes, torn silk, etc. He was unsuccessful, however, and a few minutes after he had ascended his crushed and bleeding body was lying at the feet of his friends. The horrible circumstances attending this accident have wrought public opinion up to a high pitch.

A Blackmailer in Jail.

A fellow named Carl Rothe, by means of an "information and inquiry bureau," which he opened in Munich, Bavaria, obtained much private knowledge of many families of high rank. This information he utilized for purposes of blackmail. Of course, as is always the case, he tried it on the wrong man once and that was one time too many—for Rothe, for he now looks out upon the world through prison bars. Prior to his arrest, he threatened to flood Bavaria with a book of exposures, which he claimed to have had published in America, unless proceedings against him were stopped. While almost every one believes that Rothe is "bluffing," his declaration that he is in earnest has produced an epidemic of insomnia among the members of many titled Bavarian families.

New Styles of "Pick-Me-Ups."

The numerous accidents which have occurred in cities using either electric or cable cars has brought forward scores of inventors with life saving inventions. One of the most unique and apparently valuable consists of a triangular steel folding frame, which is attached to the front of the car. Over this frame small ropes are tightly stretched. When the motor man sees a person on the track he pulls a bar, the device drops to within a few inches of the track and the obstruction is picked up and safely, if not gracefully, deposited in the rope net. Another attachment will pick up persons lying on the track, but its operation is rather rough on the fellow whose life is saved.

A Death Every Second.

The annual mortality of the entire human race amounts, roughly speaking, according to a French medical journal, to 33,000,000 persons. This makes the average deaths per day over 91,000, being at the rate of 3,750 an hour, or 62 people every minute of the day and night the year round. A fourth of the race die before completing their eighth year, and one-half before the end of the seventeenth year, but the average duration of life is about thirty-eight years. Not more than one person in a hundred thousand lives to be a hundred.

The explosion of a bomb is not more sudden or unlooked for than the attack of some malignant disease which would not occur were the blood in order. To impure blood is due a great variety of ills that make life a burden.

All the year round, you may rely upon Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify the blood and invigorate the system. It's not like the sarsaparillas, that are said to be good for the blood in March, April and May. The "Discovery" works equally well at all times, and in all cases of blood-taints, or humors, no matter what their name or nature.

It's the *cheapest* blood-purifier, sold through druggists, because you only pay for *the good* you get.

Your money is returned if it doesn't benefit or cure you.

Can you ask more?

"Is life worth living?" "That depends on the *liver*." Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the best *Liver Pills*.

WHERE DOLLARS ARE MADE.

The line of the QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE through Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana offers greater opportunities to

Settlers, Manufacturers AND General Business Enterprises

Than any other part of the U. S. Vast bodies of

Coal, Iron, Timber and Farm Lands,

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Thousands of Acres of Long Leaf Yellow Pine for Sale Cheap.

This road runs through the thriving towns of Lexington, Danville, and Somerset, Ky.; Lockwood, Harriman, and Chattanooga, Tenn.; Ft. Payne, Attalla, Birmingham, and Talladega, Ala.; Meridian, Pascagoula, Jackson, and Vicksburg, Miss.; New Orleans, Delhi, Monroe, and Shreveport, La. Some of the new towns will donate money and land to locate Manufacturing enterprises.

The Railroad Company will make low rates for Passengers and Freight, and afford investors every opportunity to examine the different localities. If necessary, will send a representative with the party.

Full particulars, and any required information, will be sent by mail on application to

D. G. EDWARDS, G. P. and T. Agt., Q. and C. Route, Cincinnati, O.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

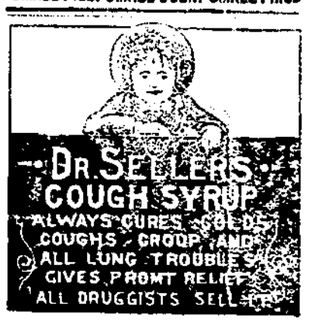
ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE



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BLACK WALNUT LOGS and lumber wanted for cash For specifications, prices, etc., see H. A. Martin, 222 south East street, Marion, Ohio. Logs and lumber to be delivered in Marion. Hickory, oak and ash logs also bought. 26tf.

FOR RENT OR SALE—Eighty-two acres of good land, three miles east of Galion, on the Mansfield road. For rent only for cash rent. Inquire of C. Bader, 150 Boulevard street, Marion, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Fifty-six acre farm near Agosta, at a bargain. See Chas. A. Hunter, Marion, Ohio. 34*

THE BOSTON.

Wraps have caught the knife in the 15 days' Heavy Goods Sale, and they must go for sure. go for sure.

Left—

Small lot Ladies' coarse twill Cheviot Reefers.
Small lot Ladies' Tan Beaver Reefers.
Small lot Oxy cesium Trimmed Reefers.
Small lot English Worsted Reefers.
Small lot Imported Cloth Reefers.
Small lot Bedford Cord Seal Roll Reefers.
Various prices in Full Length Plush Sacques. Assorted numbers in children's long Cloaks, all colors and prices.
Fur Capes and Muffs and Fur by the yard, away down.

Necessity talks. We find it necessary to make a very special effort to clear off this surplus stock of wraps. That means that you can buy just what you want at a mere fraction of its value.

Reminders—

Don't forget that you can buy Dress Goods now at just the same price that you could last week.

Underwear is selling fast at our prices. Blanket specials every day at

The Boston One Price Dry Goods Store,

CUMMIN MEMORIAL,

201 and 203 East Center St., Marion, O.
THOS COULTON Pres. W. B. HUBD, Mgr.

P. S.—From 9 to 10 a. m. and 1:30 to 2:30 p. m. each day very special bargains all over the store. The object—to encourage early morning and afternoon trading.

Marion shoppers are commencing to realize that our statements are bankable at par always

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. J. F. McNeal visited at Columbus Thursday.

Lock Ireland made a business trip to Springfield Thursday.

O. F. Gross, roadmaster of the C. and E., was here Thursday on business.

Miss Bertha Mayer is quite sick at her parents' home on Cherry street.

Mr. Philip Wieland, of Mt. Gilead, was visiting in the city Thursday.

M. B. Dickerson, the local agent of the Erie, was at Huntington, Ind., Thursday on business.

W. E. Warner is in the city of Cleveland on a business trip for the firm of Warner & Edwards.

C. Pommert and his son, John Pommert, were over from Caledonia Thursday transacting business.

G. W. King, Harry Barnhart and Hon. J. E. Belcher left on Erie train 5 for Hamilton and Cincinnati.

Keeler Clark, a former Caledonian, who is now located in Lima, was in the city between trains Thursday.

Geo. B Wells, brother of Dr. Wells, who located in this city a few days ago, returned to his home at Fostoria Thursday.

Marshal Davis, of Ashland, O., was in the city Tuesday, bringing with him a patient to the McMurray-Marion Institute.

The Steam Shovel works switches are being put in. That company's yards begin to appear like a network of railways.

David Schoenlaub left Thursday for a few weeks visit among friends and relatives at Westminister, Spencerville and Salamonia, Indiana.

Johnston & Young, attorneys, are preparing to remove their office into the Bennett building, in the rooms formerly occupied by H. T. & G. H. Vanfleet.

Col. Geo. B. Christian spent the forepart of the week looking after Marion's business among the Hoosiers. When Marion lime can be sold in Indiana, against the competition in that state, we are getting there.

James Noonan came up from Dayton Thursday and spent the day here.

The schools are closed at Richwood on account of an epidemic of scarlet fever.

Mrs. John H. Uhler left Friday for Akron, to join Mr. Uhler at their future home.

D. H. Earnest, foreman of the Huber separator department, is quite sick at his home with a severe attack of the grip.

Mrs. Jesse Hunter and little son are visiting at the home of J. W. McCleary, near Upper Sandusky, to remain a week.

Mrs. John Noonan, who has been quite sick for the past six weeks, is now much better and far on her way to complete recovery.

P. M. Seymour, lost car agent of the Columbus, Shawnee and Hocking railway was in the city Friday looking up his company's cars.

Mr. and Mrs. McGivern, of Crestline, are in the city, having been called here by the sad news of the death of Mrs. McGivern's mother, Mrs. Patrick Ryan

Richwood has a new creamery and is proud of it as the historical boy with his first pair of boots. It is hoped the creamery there has a better fortune than the one in Marion. It was a failure here.

A freight wreck on the C., H. V. and T. at Radnor Wednesday night delayed trains for several hours. No. 37, the Marion passenger train, due here at 11:10 p. m., was between four and five hours late getting into this place.

Traveling Organizer Laird, of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, was in the city the past couple days taking members into that order. He was assisted by Deputy Chief Bishop, and only two Marion railroad telegraph operators are now out of the order.

A North Marion woman was before the mayor this morning complaing of residents of that part of the city slandering her children. She wanted the thing stopped, stating that it had become intolerable. The marshal was instructed to look into the matter.

The case of John Markey against his son, John H. Markey, was tried in 'Squire McNally's court Tuesday. The jury brought in a verdict for the elder Markey of $126 06. The father had brought suit against his son for the recovery of $144, with interest, owed for the rent of land.

Two more advance agents of Barnum & Bailey's show were in the city Wednesday engaging bill boards and making other preliminary arrangements for the appearance of the great exhibition here. It is thought the show will be here earlier than the latter part of June, as announced.

T. O. Sharpless, manager of the Marion Ice company, tells the STAR that his cut at Hepburn has been completed, and that he has stored over 3000 tons of as fine spring ice as can be found in the state. It was about twelve inches thick and as clear as crystal. Marion can expect fine ice during the summer at reasonable prices.

The Summatra Tobacco company is a Marion institution that is just now widening the fame of the city. In all states of the union the company finds purchasers, and the trade is widening every day. C. C. Pettit and M. A Turney are managing the business, and their cigars and prize watches are winning fame. The business promises to attain immense proportions.

The public schools will observe Washington's birthday. There will be exercises in all the rooms in the afternoon, and in the evening there will be exercises at Music Hall. State School Commissioner Miller will deliver an address, and scholars in the High school and A and B Grammar will contribute to the program. There will be patriotic music, and all in all an evening of much enjoyment.

The I. W. Harper is the finest whisky on earth. Used in moderation, it is a sure specific for indigestion, for general debility, for insomania, for mental depression. It is as fragrant as ripe fruit and if used in moderation it lengthens life, adds to our joys and drives dull care away. The I. W. Harper whisky is absolutely pure, prescribed by she best physicians of this country, and by degrees it is winning a world-wide reputation. Sold by J. D. Gregory, Marion, O. 24mo6

Galion Daily Leader. The many applicants for the position of official stenographer of this judicial district, just vacated by Hon. T. Close, who has moved to Toledo, will be sadly disappointed at the announcement that Judges Smalley and Norris, who have the appointing to do, have decided to let the office go unfilled, as in their opinion the requirements of the district do not make such an official necessary. The office is a $1,200 one, and a soft snap is thus quashed.

Col. Jim Simonds, one of the long experienced traveling men on the road, who ought to be on to the ropes of the wicked world, came into Marion Thursday with a touching shiver, because he lost his ulster Wednesday When Mr. Simonds entered the Buckeye train for Marion he laid his fine ulster in a car seat and left it for a smoke. When he returned it was gone. To add to his ill-humor the train due here at 11 p.m. was about six hours late, as reported elsewhere. Sam Oppenheimer has consoled his old Philadelphia friend.

"It leads them all," is the general reply of druggists when asked about the merit or sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ARE YOU ONE

Of the great many subscribers who are owing us for the WEEKLY STAR? We dislike to address patrons with these reminders in print, but we must really have subscription accounts settled up. We have been very lenient. Call in person or send remittances by mail. Consult your receipts and send $1 50 for one year or $3 00 for two years. Address the WEEKLY STAR, Marion, O.

Mrs. J. H. Thomas left Friday to visit with Prospect friends.

The grip is becoming quite prevalent again. A number of new cases are reported.

James A. Knapp was up town Friday, looking somewhat pale, after ten day's siege of the grip.

William Temple, an East Marion gentleman of 74 years, is recovering from a severe attack of the grip.

Miss Rankin and Mrs. Harrington returned to Columbus Friday. They attended the Pease-Peters wedding.

Samuel Brece, employed at Fies' undertaking establishment is just getting around again after a siege of the grip.

Manager Sargent has cancelled the date of the Pearl of Pekin Opera company, for the reason that too many shows are already booked.

The Marion Implement company employes are busy getting out rakes for the spring trade. A big business will be done by that company the ensuing year.

Miss Dora Smith, who has been studying short hand at Cleveland, has returned home and will accept a position with the Marion Manufacturing company

Among those from this city who attended the firemen's ball at Galion, Thursday night, were Will Monnett, Miss Carrie Kraner and Pete Neidig. A splendid time is reported.

D. A. Frank & Co. have just finished remodeling the shelving in their store room, largely increasing the carrying capacity of goods. Mr. Frank insists that it means a larger and more attractive stock for his patrons.

C. G. Clement has removed his tobacco and confectionery stand to the Hane room, vacating the Wallace room on west Center for the new merchant tailoring establishment. Clement's patrons will now find him at Criswell's old stand.

M. J. Smith and sister, who have been visiting in Delaware for the past few months, arrived in this city Thursday evening accompanied by Miss Maggie Cashen, to remain a few days with the Misses Kelleher, en route to their home at Kansas City.

The citizens of Delaware, Ohio, are in a great scare on account of scarlet fever. The remains of a child were brought there from Newark, who, it is claimed died from scarlet fever, and were placed in the cemetery vault, causing the people of that village much fright.

A. M. Lytell, the teamster at the Norris & Christian company's lime works, was the victim of a painful accident Thursday afternoon. Lytell was hauling wood from the yards to the kilns, and while walking beside the loaded wagon he slipped and fell. His right foot was passed over by a wheel and badly crushed.

The case of James C. Hastings against Charles Quigley, asking that a receiver be appointed to settle the business of the Lalue elevator, was to have been heard before D. R. Crissinger as referee Friday, but was continued until next Thursday. By agreement of the parties Judge Norris appointed Mr. Crissinger referee at the close of the last term of court.

Marion friends of Miss Clara Richardson will be interested to read that the highly estimable young lady has had a most cordial reception in the musical circles of her new home in Lincoln, Neb. A recent number of the Daily Call commends her artistic work very highly, in a criticism of a production of "Pauline" in which Miss Richardson sang the leading part.

Married.

LEHNER—HEIMLICH—At the German Evangelical parsonage, by Rev C. W. Bernhardi, Mr Samuel Lehner and Miss Emma C. Heimlich, on Thursday morning at 10 o'clock.

Real Estate Transfers.

N. M. Field to Edward Huber, lot 652 in Marion, $62.50.

Joseph Uncapher to James Feaster, lots 2991 in Marion, $200.

Henry True to Anna Feaster, lots 1152 and 1153 in Marion, $350.

A S Finch to Jennie M. Berringer lot 2132 in Marion, $2000.

Jennie M. Berringer to Cora F. Finch, lot 1443 in Marion, $1100.

Martha A. Peters, executrix, to Caroline Blocksom, lot 2293 in Marion, $150.

John F. Uhler to A. Mellville Crane, lots 365 and 366 in Marion, $5000.

M. A McClenathan to John McClenathan, 20 acres in Richland tp., $2700.

Albert Wasserbeck to Jacob Wasserbeck, 10 acres in Bowling Green tp., $500.

Joshua A. Howison to Steven G. Howison, 2 acres in Prospect tp, $2550.

Ruth J. Flood to Mary Moriarty, lot 216 in Prospect, $190.

Ventilation.

Not a politician's sort, but the fresh air you need. Health and comfort often suffer for this kind of ventilation. Never sleep in a poorly ventilated room. You'll wake up unrefreshed, out of sorts, and bilious. Perhaps you can't improve the ventilation, but you can take Simmons Liver Regulation for that torpid liver to keep it active against the ill effects of a close atmosphere which causes that languid feeling.

A BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

The 80th Birthday of John Hochstetter Celebrated at His Home.

There was a most pleasant birthday surprise and celebration at the home of John Hochstetter, an old resident of the county who resides about ten miles west of Marion, on Wednesday, Jan. 27. It was the 80th birthday anniversary of the esteemed old gentleman, and his children having previously arranged to celebrate it, started on the morning named, accompanied by many friends, to the scenes of their childhood, to have a pleasant day of it while commemorating the fond father's birthday. They had well filled baskets, of course, and a bountiful dinner was served. Then Mr. William Wolfinger, of Green Camp, who is an old friend and neighbor, offered a prayer, and followed in a few well chosen remarks, presenting Mr. Hochstetter an easy reclining chair and a suit of clothes, presents from children and friends. Mr. Philip Wieland, of Mt. Gilead, made very touching remarks in German, after which all departed for their homes feeling that it was a day well spent.

Those present were F. M. Hochstetter and family, Henry Hochstetter and wife, Frank Cull and family, J. G. Wieland and family, Mrs. Sol Wiser and son, and Mrs. Neidhardt, of this city; John Hochstetter and family and lady friend and Jacob Schultz, of Scott Town; Wm. Wolfinger and wife, Godfrey Reeley and wife, of Green Camp; Wm. Craner and wife, Mrs. Cope and Mrs. Ulmar and sons, who are neighbors.

EAST AND WEST UNITE.

Our Own Ed. Powers, Now of Pueblo, Marries at Springfield.

Mr. Edward E. Powers, the energetic young Marionite who is now permanently located in the wild and wooly West, in that particularly enterprising section known as Pueblo, Colorado, led a charming young lady of Ohio's Champion City to the marriage altar on Wednesday night. The happy bride is Miss Rebecca Carr, a lady held in high esteem.

The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's folks on Clark street, Springfield, Rev. C. M. Young performing the ceremony. The immediate relatives of the groom, and Mr. George Uhler, who acted as best man, were in attendance from Marion.

Mr. and Mrs. Powers will make a month's stay in Ohio prior to leaving for their western home. Mr. Powers is interested in the business management of the Pueblo Evening Star, and has caught on in the West and is making much of the needed wherewith to enjoy the comforts of life.

K OF P. BANQUET

Canby Lodge, No. 51, Enjoys a Social Evening.

Canby Lodge, No. 51, Knights of Pythias, Tuesday evening inaugurated what is expected to become a series of social events among their brethren. It was nothing more nor less than an elegant banquet with a pleasing interspersion of dancing, which occurred at M. E. Meiley's confectionery and dancing parlor.

The early part of the evening was consumed in dancing, followed by the banquet proper, which was up to the usual standard of spreads furnished by Mr. Meiley. The only speech making was that of Messrs. Cunningham and Hale, of Fostoria, who made brief addresses on the subject of Knighthood. These gentlemen were here to inspect the Uniform Rank, K. of P. The banquet was succeeded by dancing, which was kept up till 1 o'clock in the morning, and was highly enjoyed by the twenty-five Knights and ladies present. The occasion was calculated to bring about a closer social relationship among the members of Canby.

THE PETERS-PEASE NUPTIALS

A Quiet but Pleasant Wedding Celebration.

The nuptials of Mr. Charles H. Pease, of Louisville, Ky., and Miss Fanny Peters, of this city, were very pleasantly celebrated Thursday at the home of the bride's mother, on south West street. The relatives of the contracting parties and a bevy of the bride's most intimate friends were present to witness the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. W. E. Thomas, pastor of the Presbyterian church. The bride is an accomplished and popular Marion lady, while the groom is a prominent business man of Louisville.

The ceremony was succeeded by a wedding breakfast, served amid handsome floral surroundings. Mr. and Mrs. Pease left at once for Cincinnati, leaving at noon on Erie train 5. From there they go immediately to Louisville, their future home.

Among those present from abroad were the groom's mother, his brother Mrs. Gurtelot, a sister, of Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. Walt, of Fostoria.

Death's Summons.

Mrs. Bridget Ryan, wife of Patrick Ryan, died at her home on Windsor street Wednesday forenoon at 10 o'clock, at the age of 85 years. Mrs. Ryan had been ailing from a complication of diseases for some time, which caused her death. She was the mother of two children, Mrs. McGivern, of Crestline, and Mrs. Galooly, of this county, who, with her husband, still survive her.

The funeral occurred from St. Mary's church Friday morning.

Licensed to Marry.

Charles H. Pease and Fanny Peters.
Samuel Lehner and Emma Heimlick.
Frank J. Leonard and Maggie Ritzler.

C. W. Criswell and wife are visiting relatives in Columbus.

OUR FIRST

Announcement

OF NEW SPRING GOODS!

This should be interesting, owing to the extremely low prices of which we are so famous for making.

SPRING GINGHAMS.

They are the most desirable wash fabrics made. The colors in our Ginghams are perfectly fast and Ginghams wear well. Our line comprises the best and most desirable goods made, such as Toile Du Nord, Amoskeag A. F. C., Kinlog Scotch Zephyr, Coup De Maitre and many others of the high grade Ginghams. All these goods are sold everywhere at 12½c per yard and at the regular price paid for them by most retail merchants the price 12½c would be cheap enough, but we had a chance to buy one hundred pieces, all strictly this Spring's Styles, at a price so as to justify us in selling them at

10 CENTS PER YARD!

Of course the best styles will go first, and if you are late in sharing the full benefit of this bargain it is no fault of ours.

Outing Flannels and Signet Cloth

are gaining in popularity, owing to the softness of the material and close resemblance to the fine French flannels. The colors are perfectly fast and styles this season are perfectly beautiful.

We have just opened a large line of WASH GOODS such as Persian mills, linen finished, Scotch zephyr, 36 inch surah, tissue, 35 inch Scotch zephyr ginghams, and a large line of calicoes, muslins and shirtings, and that we sell them cheaper than our competitors is evident from the perfectly satisfied customers that constantly deck that counter this time of the year.

Linens, New Ones and Extra Values.

Towels at special prices. We are steadily increasing our sales of linens and we attribute it to our large stock and the wonderfully low prices we name on them. To see our linens is to become interested in them. Our 48c German linen is equal to the goods generally sold at 60c.

DRESS GOODS.

This is what we like to talk about because we are perfectly familiar with it. We study it and keep fully up to the times as to the latest fabrics, most serviceable goods and the lowest prices are invariably made by us. Some very desirable goods have just been opened. They are the goods that will be scarce. Of course our entire line has not arrived, in fact many of the good styles have not been imported, but you can depend on us having the first and best lines of staple and fancy dress goods this season, with the correct trimmings to match. If you have taken the pains to price our winter dress goods at the closing out prices you are fully aware that the prices are mere fractions of the first cost.

Our store is the place to buy your dry goods, we sell them the lowest. That is fully acknowledged. We have remodeled our shelving so as to give us more room and lessen the chances of customers waiting. We will do all in our power to please you.

D. A. Frank & Co.,

WHITE FRONT. MASONIC BLOCK.

SEE WINDOW DISPLAY.

THE NATURAL GAS CIRCUIT

Trotting Association Men in Session—The Date of the Marion Races Changed.

Representatives of the trotting associations composing the Natural Gas Circuit of Ohio, were in session at the county clerk's office Thursday afternoon and evening, transacting business effecting the affairs of the Circuit. Those present were T. C. Calvert, of Lima, F. W. Durno and C. L. McCue, of Mansfield, C. W. Hughes, of Fostoria, J. L. Cusack, of Findlay and Hicock, of Bowling Green, who represented associations of the places named, while Mr. Hughes, of Fostoria, also looked after Bellevue's interests.

The meeting was called to order by Secretary Calvert and the organization of the circuit effected by the election of C. T. McCue, of Mansfield, president, and the re-election of Mr. Calvert as secretary.

There was considerable time consumed in the arrangement of dates for the different meetings, which resulted finally in the change of the dates of the Marion meeting to July. The order of the meetings are as follows:

Bellvue, week of May 23; Bowling Green, week of May 30; Findlay, week of June 6; Lima, week of June 13; Fostoria, week of June 20; Mansfield, week of June 27; Marion, week of July 4. Mansfield, Lima and Findlay will give four days racing each, Bowling Green and Bellvue three days each, while Marion and Fostoria are as yet undecided as to whether to have three or four days.

The question of retaining 10 per cent. of the entrance fee was discussed, the object being to reduce it to 5 per cent., 10 per cent. to be retained from only the horses winning. The matter was not definitely decided, but will probably be left to the sentiment of the membership of the associations. The 5 per cent. idea, however, seems to be the most popular.

Go to Music Hall tonight.

Dr. and Mrs. Gailey in Philadelphia.

The friends of Dr. and Mrs. Gailey will be gratified to know that they are meeting with every attention and kindness that many prominent men in the profession can bestow. In a recent letter to a friend in this city, Dr. Gailey says: "Mrs. Gailey has caught on in great measure, and evinces considerable natural adaptability to the management of cases peculiar to her sex. Men like Price, Montgomery, Baldy and Bradford, (who are well known to the profession everywhere) have extended to her the kindest courtesies, in their private hospitals, and give her practical work at their dispensaries. She has been complimented by her teachers, and as a consequence is greatly elated. I verily believe that one million people have stopped on the street and gazed at us as we go sailing along, bent on taking in some medical or gynecological institution. Eight squares to the mile and we often walk forty or fifty squares daily."

Steam Shovel Accident.

Charley Hazzard, an employe of the Steam Shovel company, met with quite a painful accident at 8 o'clock Thursday morning. He was assisting in loading a ballast unloader and it slipped back, striking him on the left leg, badly bruising it. Dr. Sweney was summonmoned to attend his injuries. He is a resident of Silver street, where he was taken. The accident can hardly be termed serious, but nevertheless it will probably lay him off for a few days.

Marion Lady Gets a Prize.

(Cincinnati Inquirer.)

It will be remembered that some time ago our worthy Iowa friend, Hawkeye, offered a copy of the weekly Enquirer for one year free to the person writing the best article on the training of children. He and his wife have decided that Nettie, of Marion, Ohio, has won the prize, and he desires her address. Will Nettie please write to Arch Clemens, jr., Beaman, Iowa, and tell him to whom he shall send the paper?

NEW INCORPORATED

BANK!

THE old Marion County Bank has transferred its business and name to the Inrorporated Marion County Bank with a capital of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars.

The officers remain the same as in the old Bank,

J. S. REED, Pres.,
HENRY TRUE, Cash.,
W. H. SCHAFFNER, Asst. Cash.

LEGAL NOTICE.

JAMES DEAL, whose place of residence is unknown, will take notice that Jas nes S Rose, of Marion Ohio, filed, on the 23d day of January, 1892, a petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Marion county, Ohio, and where the same is now pending, averring that he is the owner of the one undivided half of the East half of the Southwest quarter of section 18, township 4, South Range, 14 East, containing 79 acres, more or less, and that James Deal is the owner of one-half of said land—it all being subject to the dower estate of Rebecca Smith upon 31 acres off of the South end of said lot, and demanding partition of said land subject to said dower estate.

James Deal is required to answer said petition on or before the third Saturday after the 5th day of March, 1892.

fawtt JOHNSTON & YOUNG,
Att'orneys for Plaintiff.

HEART DISEASE!

STATISTICS show that one in FOUR has a weak or diseased Heart. The first symptoms are short breath, palpitation, fluttering, faint and hungry spells, pain in side, throat smothering, swollen ankles, dropsy (and death.) for which DR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE is a marvelous remedy. "I have been troubled with heart disease for years, my left pulse was very weak, could at times scarcely feel it, the smallest excitement would always weaken my nerves and heart and a fear of impending death stared me in the face for hours. DR. MILES' NERVINE and NEW HEART CURE is the only medicine that has proved of any benefit and cured me.—I. M. Dyer, Cloverdale, Mo. Dr. Miles' Liver Pills are a sure remedy for Biliousness and Torpid Livers. 25 Doses 25 cents. Free book on Heart Disease, with wonderful cures Free at druggists, or address DR. MILES' MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Sold by L. DENISON & CO.

ADVERTISE IN THE STAR,

THE MOST WIDELY

READ PAPER IN COUNTY.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THEY DID NOT REIGN.

HEIRS TO THRONES WHO NEVER WIELDED THE SCEPTER.

Remarkable Cases Recalled in Connection with the Untimely Death of the Duke of Clarence—A Mixture of War, Romance, Scandal and Disaster.

It may be fairly said of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales and heir presumptive to the throne of Great Britain that nothing in life became him like the leaving of it. He came into the world prematurely. He was of weak health and lacked moral stamina. Only the shadow of royalty protected him on more than one occasion from

CLARENCE. PRINCE GEORGE.

the fierce light of a police court inquiry. Added to these handicaps he was weighted down by the title given him, for all the Dukes of Clarence known to English history have suffered either through folly or misfortune.

But for the last few weeks of his existence he basked in the sunshine of popular approval and spontaneous loyalty. His engagement to Mary of Teck, a princess native to British soil, endeared him to those who some day expected to become his subjects. They quit sneering at him as "Collars and Cuffs," affectionately dubbed him "Prince Eddy," and enthusiastically declared that "Albert Victor was a good deal of a man after all." Death has changed all that, however. Hardly had the breath left the poor young fellow's body when speculation and rumor strove with indecent haste to tear aside the veil that obscures the future. While the bereaved maiden who hoped to be a bride next month wept by the corpse of her betrothed, her name was already being coupled in the public prints of London with that of the new heir presumptive, Prince George, the second and sole surviving son of the Prince of Wales. The reason for this is shown by the following paragraph, published not twelve hours after the Duke of Clarence's demise:

On July 29, 1889, Alexander William George Duff, who was then earl of Fife, but who was subsequently created duke of Fife, married Princess Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar, eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Of this marriage there was born on May 17, 1890, a daughter, who was christened Alexandra Victoria Alberta Edwina Louise Duff. As the succession now stands, in the event of the death of the Prince of Wales and Prince George, the throne of England would fall to the wife of the Duke of Fife, and after her death to Lady Alexandra Duff, her daughter, who is not yet two years old. This possibility is not viewed with equanimity by the members of the royal family, who believe that all the heirs to the throne should be of the full blood royal. It is hinted very broadly that a marriage between Prince George and Princess Victoria Mary of Teck will be arranged.

If such an arrangement is to be carried out it will not lack for precedent. Something over a quarter of a century ago Nicolas was heir apparent to the throne of Russia and the Alexander now ruling was his younger brother. The two one afternoon engaged in some rough sort of amusement and Alexander struck Nicolas a blow, purely by accident, that laid him on his death bed. The czarowitz was at the time betrothed to Marie, daughter of Christian, king of Denmark, and the attachment of the two was very great. The Danish princess mourned her lover sincerely, and then—for reasons of state—became the wife of the new heir. The result was hardly to be expected. Alexander III and his empress have lived together in happiness and harmony for more than a quarter of a century, and last fall the royal couple celebrated their silver wedding with great magnificence.

A tinge of romance surrounded and illumined the last days of the Duke of Clarence, but in that respect he was by no means singular. English history teems with wonderful tales of heirs, apparent or presumptive, who never placed the crown upon their heads. Harold was nothing more than a claimant when he headed the Saxons and went out to meet that other claimant, William, and to sink beneath the might of Norman valor. There, too, are the Arthurs, almost as unlucky, in a way, as the Clarences. Arthur, duke of Brittany, could hardly be termed an Englishman, but he was to all intents and purposes the rightful heir.

His uncle, the doughty Richard of the Lion Heart, was minded to go crusading, and before he set out he named the lad, son of his brother Geoffrey, as his successor. Another brother, John, he placed in power during his absence in the Holy Land. John soon seized the crown, gave out that Richard was dead and made things unpleasant for his nephew of Brittany. Richard's return upset the plot, but his death gave John a new opportunity. He ascended the throne and waged war in the kingdom's French possessions against Arthur, or rather against Arthur's ambitious advisers. The lad, then but sixteen years of age, was captured at Poitiers, and while being transferred by water from one prison to another was slain by his well armed custodians.

Another Arthur was the son of Henry VII. The circumstances of his birth rather are rather obscure, but the consequences of his early demise were exigent. In his place there appeared as heir apparent that notable personage who was to rule England as Henry VIII, who was to become the husband of six wives, the father of three sovereigns—the weak Edward, "Bloody Mary" and renowned Elizabeth—and the founder of a new religion. Had Arthur lived—but that opens up a field of speculation almost illimitable and not within the scope of this article.

Most famous, however, among those heirs who never wore the diadem of England was that magnificent soldier who figures among the great men of the world as Edward the Black Prince. For a quarter of a century he was the central figure of war that wrecked and deluged the fair fields of France and Spain. On Crecy's bloody plain he had happened himself a gallant knight and when victory rested with the English he had it to receive the congratulations of his father, the valiant and politic Edward III. There too he assumed the motto and crest of John of Luxemburg, the blind King of Bohemia, who fell in battle, and from thence came the three ostrich feathers and the "Ich Dien" that distinguish the Princes of Wales.

His warlike career, then, began at the age of sixteen; he is on navy hero at Poitiers, where King John of France yielded himself a prisoner. As his father's viceroy he ruled all the conquered land between the Loire and the Pyrenees, and as Prince of Aquitaine he kept up the most gorgeous court in Christendom. A Spanish campaign, undertaken on behalf of Pedro the Cruel, shattered his health. The brilliant warrior, the generous leader, the "mirror of chivalry" became an invalid, and the last six years of his life were spent in enforced retirement. His father survived him but a brief while and the son of the Black Prince succeeded to power.

Can the generations of the exiled Stuarts be called heirs-apparent? That is a mooted question, even to this day, for there now exists in England a society formed for the purpose of restoring the deposed family to the throne. The feeble goes back even to the time of James II. His second wife was Mary Beatrice, princess of Este. Their four children died young. June 10, 1688, "was born that prince afterward known as the Pretender." According to popular opinion, then inflamed against the monarch, this was a supposititious child procured from some base source and placed in the position of heir apparent. Twenty days later William, prince of Orange, entered England and drove out James. The suspicion regarding the Pretender and his branch of the family retained so strong that when the crown was entailed on the Electress Sophia and her descendants in 1701, parliament deliberately ignored the claims of fifty-seven persons who, had no question of legitimacy arisen, were better entitled to the throne according to all rules of precedence.

Like England, France also furnishes notable examples of those "born to the purple" who never ruled. Mystery has always surrounded the case of that unfortunate youth whose parents, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, lost their heads during the French revolution. The Dauphin, as he was called, is supposed to have been poisoned in June, 1795, but at various times people have claimed his name, and others, still more audacious, have asserted, even in courts of law, that they were his progeny.

Melancholy indeed was the fate of the two heirs apparent of the Bonaparte family. The first was Napoleon Joseph, son of Napoleon and Marie Louise of Austria. After Waterloo and the abdication he was taken to Austria and created duke of Reichstadt. He died of melancholy and ennui in 1831, when barely twenty-one years of age. The end of Louis Napoleon's son is well known. He met a soldier's death in Zululand and sleeps beside his father at Chiselhurst.

The scandal is still fresh that surrounds the mysterious taking off, either by suicide or murder, of Rudolph, heir to the Austrian crown, and just now Spain and Mexico are agitated by the machinations of those friendly to the Carlist pretenders, and to the descendants of that Burbide who was shot after holding court for a year in the halls of Montezuma.

So it will be seen that in many of their aspects the lives of those who have not reigned are not without elements of romance, tragedy and adventure.

FRED C. PAYTON.

Illiteracy in Peru.

A recent census of Lima, the capital city of Peru, discloses the startling fact that about one third of the total population of 100,000 is unable to read or write. These figures have alarmed the Peruvian authorities, and the advisability of introducing a compulsory education bill, appropriating an enormous sum of money for public schools, semitree academies, etc., is being seriously discussed.

Notables and Literature.

All the notables seem to be drifting into literature. Books are now threatened by Langtry, Patti, Mary Anderson Navarro and Bernhardt. The fashion seems to have been set by the self constituted censor of "society" eligibility, Ward McAllister.

Two Girls with Lively Tongues.

Miss Ada M. Crawford, eighteen years old, and in the employ of the E. C. Howe company, cigar box publishers of Philadelphia, is put up for

ADA M. CRAWFORD.

her acquaintances as the champion stamp licker of the world. When she first tried her hand at stamping envelopes for the company she did 1,000 in an hour, and she can now do 3,000. It is all done with her tongue, too, as she uses no sponge, and so said fact is that when busy

ness is slack she gets dyspepsia, but the moment samples like Miss Ida Bates she eats and the latter she gets.

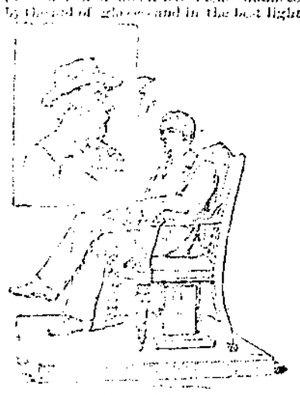
When this story was published in New York most of the young women in the offices declared the thing could not be true, but Miss Estelle Gardiner, of a fashionable boss house in University place, declared she could beat it. She had never tried for an hour at a stretch, but could lick and stick several stamps a minute. "New York doesn't knock under to Philadelphia in anything," she said, and I will bet Miss Crawford is a match at stamp licking for any amount at any time and place. She is now in practice, and so the world is likely to have a stamp licking match.

A BLIND SCULPTOR.

His Son a Warrior of Washington Irving to Be Enlarged in Bronze.

A recent remarkable work is that of Mr. John Sherman Mousley, known as the Chief sculptor of Tarrytown, N. Y. With the aid of a powerful opera glasses he can see a very little in the public of the day and can tell the difference in light from darkness, the rest of the time. In fact, most of his work is done in the night, yet he has produced a statue six feet of Washington Irving which is a perfect likeness and of superior merit in pose, finish and expression.

Mr. Mousley is fifty-nine years old and a native of northern New York. He worked in a machine shop in early life, and in 1863 set up as a sculptor and engraver at [illegible]. When a stage of fourteen his eyes began to show the effects of what is called [illegible], and he was soon totally blind in the right. A little later his hours of seeing became so contracted [illegible] and even now he can distinguish about five inches diameter by the use of glasses and in the best light.



SCULPTOR AND STATUE.

Idleness was impossible and he has learned to model by touch, being able only to see a small portrait of Irving as aforesaid. His touch, however, is wonderfully acute. The statue represents Irving seated and conversing with a friend. The head is of clay, the remainder of plaster. The work is so excellent that the citizens purpose to have it reproduced in bronze for the Tarrytown park. It is the first full length statue of Irving ever made and will be a rare addition to the region he made so famous.

Investigating the Oyster.

The oyster is in bad repute in England. In fact, he is said to be fingered with typhoid fever for the purpose of killing off fashionable London. The disgrace into which the luscious bivalve has fallen is due to the fact that Prince George of Wales, the present heir presumptive to the British throne, was taken ill with typhoid symptoms just prior to the fatal illness of his brother, the Duke of Clarence. It was alleged at the time by the wise physicians that Prince George's sickness was directly attributable to typhoid germs taken into his system through the medium of the seductive and succulent oyster. Many of the English oysters are taken near the places where the sewage of the cities is emptied, and it was believed that the shellfish of which the prince partook had become infected. At any rate, an investigation is in progress which must result in good. Meanwhile fashionable London is not eating oysters.

A Well Mated Couple.

Mr. Herbert Ward is said to sustain much the same relation to his literary wife, formerly Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, that a husband "manager" does to an actress wife—that is, he attends to all her literary contracts, gets the books she needs, takes care of her manuscript, etc.—illustrating that beautiful fitness of things by virtue of which great men and women usually marry good, plain and serviceable persons. If one were disposed to philosophize he might liken the reasons for such choice to those which make the eye, when wearied by bright tints, turn with such pleasure to a green sward or a dull, gray object.

The Last of the Shinnecocks.

Very few people know that there is a tribe of Indians still on their reservation at the east end of Long Island. Strictly speaking, there are no Indians there now, for William Bunn, the last full blooded member of the Shinnecock tribe, recently died of the grip. It is not easy to decide whether Indian, negro or Asian predominates in the average Shinnecock blood at present, but they have their reservation and other rights as Indians. When the town of Southampton celebrated its 240th anniversary in June, 1890, William Bunn was the only Indian who could construct a wigwam. He set one up in the center of the town and he and his cousin occupied it as the last representatives of the Long Island aborigines.

WILLIAM BUNN.

The Shinnecocks were splendid sailors, and a few years ago about half of their men were drowned by the sudden breaking up of the steamer Circassian, which had stranded on the beach off Southampton. Chief Bunn was a true conservative and a direct descendant of the early aboriginal rulers. He kept alive the traditions of his forefathers and maintained his independence as a true Indian.

Not Offered to the Queen.

Lord Salisbury, still prime minister of Great Britain, despite many Gladstonian predictions, is the owner of a perfectly elegant villa on the Riviera, on the Mediterranean coast, and still he did not offer the use of it to Queen Victoria during her recent visit to Cannes. In English social and political circles this neglect amounts to a "scandal," and many conjectures are formulated as to the villa is among the finest on that famous stretch of coast, being in its entire structure, and so situated as to command a splendid view of the sea and adjacent country.

Has Given Up the Battle.

However much the blood of enthusiasts may rush to the head on that it is not so much Anna Dickinson that Louise Michel was the female leader of French and European agitators. Now she lives quietly in London and passes her time perusing books at the British museum. Her beliefs have not changed, but she has learned by bitter experience that the "established order" is a hard thing to fight.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Something About the "Baby" Territory's Two Governors.

For three months the territory of Oklahoma was virtually without a governor. On Oct. 7 Governor George W. Steele resigned

GEORGE W. STEELE.

after a year and a half of service, and a few days later returned to his old home in Marion, Ind. The reason given for his resignation was that private business interests demanded his attention in the east. He has since been elected president and general manager of the large Krupp gun plant recently established in Marion.

It is generally believed, however, that Governor Steele has further political aspirations, and it is contended by his friends as reasonably certain that he has been promised the pension commissionership in the event of the resignation of General Raum.

Abraham J. Seay, the new governor of Oklahoma, is fifty years old, stoutly built, and a six footer. Though born in Virginia, his life since early youth has been spent in southern Missouri, and he is a typical westerner. When he attained his majority he started out for himself, equipped with good health, the ability to read and write and a well developed ambition. By daily labor he earned the money to pay his way through the academy at Stockton, Mo., and also to pay his expenses while reading law in the same town.

Soon after his admission to the bar news came of the firing on Fort Sumter, and all thoughts of his profession were driven from his mind. Most of his neighbors and relatives sided with the Confederacy, but young Seay joined the Union army. For four years he fought valiantly on many battlefields, marched with Sherman to the sea, and was mustered out a colonel.

He returned to Stockville and began the practice of law, winning in his profession the same success he had achieved in the army. He was successively county attorney and circuit attorney, and from 1865 to 1887 he was circuit judge.

ABRAHAM J. SEAY.

Governor Seay has long been regarded as a leader of the Republican party of his state. When the territory of Oklahoma was organized in May, 1889, he was appointed one of the associate justices of the supreme court, and since then has so won the hearts of the people that they almost unanimously asked for his appointment to the governorship.

Princeton's Good Fortune.

Princeton college has long had a reverence. The campus is noted for its beauty and there are splendidly equipped laboratories and classrooms, but there is no commencement hall, and the important ceremonies of that day for which all other college days are made have to be held in one of the churches of the town.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, of New York city, has come to the rescue and donated the cash for a magnificent commencement hall. Work is in rapid progress, and the architect promises that this will be the handsomest structure of the kind in the world. The general style is gothic and the plan semicircular. The main front is flanked by two circular towers, and around the structure extends a cloister from which there are seven entrances into the auditorium. The seats in the latter are ranged somewhat as they were in a Greek or Roman theater, and with the gallery there will be seats for 1,500 persons.

ALEXANDER HALL.

The extreme front will be 145 feet and the extreme height of the auditorium 65 feet. The exterior will be of granite and brownstone, with bas reliefs and statues typical of the arts and sciences, the interior throughout of Scotch sandstone and brick, no plaster being used in any part of the structure. The interior will be extensively decorated with mosaics illustrative of classical learning, the stained windows will bear similar designs, and as a flood of light can be admitted through windows above the gallery and dormer windows just beneath the eaves, the effect will be very fine.

Pronunciation of Foreign Names.

The proper pronunciation of foreign names is often a puzzling matter. De Maupassant, the French author, whose first name is spelled "Guy," gave it the sound of Gwee before he lost his mind. He probably has forgotten it altogether now. It is said that there are about as many pronunciations of the title khedive, the most recent bearer of which is dead, as that ruler is entitled to wives—though he really had only one spouse. But it seems to be admitted by the experts that the word should be pronounced khed-ee-vee, with the accent on the first syllable.

THE YOUNG KHEDIVE

EX-DIPLOMATIST, WHO KNEW HIM WELL, SKETCHES HIS LIFE.

The New Ruler of Egypt Has a Good Education, Speaks Several Languages and Is Thought to Be Free from Religious Bigotry.

Young Abbas Pasha Helmy, who has just succeeded his father the late Tewfik Pasha as khedive or king of Egypt, is now in his eighteenth year, having attained his majority, according to Mohammedan law, last summer.

When first I made his acquaintance at Cairo he was a little fellow about ten years old, very bright and very courteous, and speaking English perfectly. This was only natural, for he had been attended by English nurses from his very infancy, and at the time referred to above both he and his younger brother, Mehemet Ali, were confided to the charge of an English tutor, an Oxford graduate of the name of A. Butler, a man of much amiability and gentleness of character.

Mr. Butler, I remember, had apartments assigned to him at the palace, and was wont to deplore in the most quaint and genial manner the incongruities and hardships of his life there. Oriental magnificence and oriental squalor and dirt combined; his meals served on Sevres porcelain or silver plate, but always tepid instead of either hot or cold; towels, table

ABBAS PASHA.

linen and bed sheets consisting of huge gold embroidered crowns and monograms—and holes; doors that would not shut; windows that would not open, and a lamentable deficiency of even the most elementary notions of sanitation and comfort. So much for the pleasures of life in an Egyptian palace under the reign of Khedive Tewfik.

The two young princes while under the care of Mr. Butler were among the daily attendants of the Ali school, founded by their father and situated on the Abdeen square, just opposite the Abdeen palace. Among their classmates were some eighty or a hundred other boys, sons of princes and pashas. Although intended only for the children of the rich, the education at this school was entirely gratuitous, the late khedive providing for everything, including tuition, the natty military uniforms and a very luxurious table. By the commands of his highness, absolute equality prevailed among all the pupils, his sons being treated exactly like the other boys, and no one being permitted within its precincts to address them either as prince or highness. They were full of fun and merriment in those days, and most amusingly demure on state occasions. Moreover, they were devoted to their father, and nothing could be more touching than the affection displayed in a couple of letters which they wrote to him while traveling in upper Egypt, and which he gave me to read. I may add that they were written in English, and commenced, "My dear, dear papa."

In 1885 the question arose of sending them to complete their education at some scholastic institution in Europe. Naturally the khedive's English friends urged him to place the boys at Harrow, where the Duke of Genoa, brother of Queen Margueritte of Italy, had been educated. The French, on the other hand, insisted that they would be far better at some Parisian lycee such as St. Barbe, where King Milan of Servia and many of the Bourbon princes had received their training, while Tewfik's Italian acquaintances clamored that the boys should be sent to some Milanese or Padman college. At length the khedivial anxious, as usual, to compromise matters and to avoid giving offense to one party or the other, determined to place his sons at the famous Theresianum military college at Vienna, where his own intimate friend young Cherif Bey had been brought up.

Founded by the great Empress Maria Theresa in the Eighteenth century, the Theresianum is one of the most remarkable institutions of the kind in Europe. The majority of the pupils are of princely rank, and among those who have sat on its benches have been King Alfonso XII of Spain and his cousin and rival, Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid. It is there that the two young princes have spent the last five years, the first three being passed in the so called "gymnase," or lower school, and the last two in the higher school, which is known as "the Oriental academy." They were subjected to the same severe military discipline as the other pupils, and it has only been during the last few months that any exceptional privileges and exemptions were accorded to them.

Each summer, as soon as the school closed for the annual holiday, the two boys started on a tour, attended by a large suite specially dispatched from Cairo for the purpose of accompanying them. During the course of these summer tours they have visited France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, Russia and England. It was while in London that they became much interested in and attracted by the merry little American humorist, Marshall P. Wilder, to whom they presented before leaving England a very handsomely mounted cane as a token of their regard.

It is difficult as yet to predict what influences will predominate over the young Khedive Abbas, but in my opinion they will be those of his mother, the khedivah, a woman of singularly strong character and forcible mind. It was she who absolutely controlled her husband, Tewfik, and who from motives of farsighted policy constrained him, sometimes sorely against his will, to remain loyal to Great Britain. She is a princess of high principle, utterly unlike the ordinary woman of the Levant, and under her guidance young Abbas, an adept at, easy going and affectionate youth, is likely to keep on the straight track, both as regards loyalty to Great Britain as well as deference to the opinion of the civilized world.

EX-DIPLOMATIST.

THE COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

The Distinguished Body to Which Manning and Simeoni Belonged.

The nearly simultaneous deaths of Cardinals Manning and Simeoni have attracted world wide attention, for since the death of Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning was the greatest light of the English Catholics, and Cardinal Simeoni was for-

CARDINAL MANNING.

merly papal secretary of state and prefect general of the propaganda. The latter was even better known in the United States than in Europe, as the prefect has direct control over missionaries, and the United States is ranked in Rome as a missionary country. It was thus that Cardinal Simeoni exercised so much power in the now famous case of Dr. Edward McGlynn.

As the college of cardinals is filled by successive appointments at the hands of successive popes, and as the appointees are generally well advanced in life (for they must first have attained to the highest local dignities) it results that most of the cardinals at any given time are the appointees of the last pope or his immediate successor. Thus in the conclave of 1873 there were but nine cardinals of creation prior to the then pope, Pius IX, and the oldest of all, Billet, was ninety and the youngest, Lucien Bonaparte, forty-five. There were nineteen more than seventy years old and only four under fifty. The limit in number is six cardinal bishops, fifty cardinal priests and fourteen cardinal deacons, or a total of seventy, but the conclave is very rarely full.

The process of appointing a cardinal is comparatively simple, but the choice of a new pope in the conclave is an affair of great state and most elaborate ceremony. Nine days are devoted to prayer, for the re-

CARDINAL SIMEONI.

pose of the deceased pontiff; on the tenth the cardinals attend at a solemn mass, and that evening the conclave is locked in and the balloting begins. The process and solemnities have often been described. Giovanni Simeoni, the late cardinal and prefect, was born at Pallana, Italy, July 23, 1816, was ordained priest at an early age, advanced rapidly in rank and was made cardinal March 15, 1875. He was especially well known in all Protestant countries because the delicate negotiations of ten necessary between the Vatican and those countries were so often intrusted to him.

Conservative London.

London, largest city in the world as it is, is nevertheless "away behind the times." The police patrol wagon, so common in the United States, is unknown in London, although the city council is now considering the advisability of adopting this valuable aid to the police department. Telephones are not as generally used in London as in the United States, and it is but a short time since that they were rather uncommon sights in ordinary business offices.

The Cheapness of Alaska.

It will be realized how cheap Alaska really was when it is stated that last year alone the exports from that territory were more than a million dollars in excess of the price paid for it to Russia by the United States, and this, too, despite the fact that even casual visitors recognize that the resources of the country are still largely undeveloped.

London's New Fire Chief.

Civil service reform "goes" in England, and the new chief of the London fire brigade has served eleven years as second in command to the late chief, Captain Shaw. Chief Simonds is a native of London, son of Professor Simonds, late principal of the Royal Veterinary college, but now retired. He was educated in England, France and Germany as an engineer, and after some

CAPTAIN SIMONDS.

years' work in that profession in Ireland was appointed second officer of the Metropolitan fire brigade on the 25th of January 1881, out of 105 candidates.

In the subsequent eleven years he has been present and active at every great fire in London, and for considerable periods has been in full charge of the fire brigade. His summer holidays are usually passed in sailing, for which he has a passion, and his physical condition is unusually good. The office he holds is in the appointment of the county council and is of supreme importance and responsibility.

Spurned.

"I spurn you with contempt," exclaimed the proud, imperious girl in haughty tones.

The spurnee was a base born clerk in her father's ninety-nine cent store.

His head fell upon his breast at her cruel words.

But for an instant only.

Then he hoisted it aloft once more, defiantly.

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He had tried both.—Detroit Free Press.

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12	Whites, too Profuse Periods.....	.25
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